

THE RADICAL

Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

1. The Stone Ages. <i>J. Stahl Patterson</i>	385
2. The Death of Borne. From the German of Beck. <i>Charles T. Brooks</i>	394
3. Idolatry. <i>J. Vila Blake</i>	396
4. Goethe's Conversations with Chancellor Friedrich Von Müller. Translated from the German. <i>C. C. Shackford</i>	403
5. Wooden Links. <i>D. G. Ingraham</i>	411
6. The Reorganized Republic. <i>Conrad Wiegand</i>	417
7. Theodore Parker in his Social Relations and Letters. <i>John T. Sargent</i>	428
8. A New Gospel Lesson from the Apple-Trees. <i>Caleb S. Weeks</i>	432
9. A Legend. The Second Sermon on the Mount. <i>Fred May Holland</i>	437
10. Translation from Faust. Song of the Spirits who lull Faust to Sleep. <i>F. P. Stearns</i>	436
11. Free Religion	441
12. Notes	449
<p>"Christians" and Radicals. — Prof. Huxley and the Protestant Ministry. — "The Christian Union" and the Radical Club. — Woman's Rights and Peace. — No place for Partizanship and Prejudice. — Obtrusive Piety. — The Radical Club. — Mr. Weiss's "American Religion."</p>	

BOSTON:

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 25 BROMFIELD ST.

1871.

[Price, \$3.00 a Year. Single Numbers, 30 Cents.]

HOPE MUTUAL Life Insurance Comp'y, *Of New York.*

OFFICE 187 BROADWAY.

HENRY A. JONES, *Pres.* WM. EDSALL, *Vice-Pres.* CHAS. H. DEWEY, *Secy.*

Issues Ordinary Life, Joint Life, Endowment on Five, Ten, Fifteen and Twenty Payment Policies.

All Policies non-forfeitable, the Massachusetts Non-Forfeiture Law liberalized being incorporated into each Policy.

All Policies incontestible after two payments. Payments may be made annually, semi-annually, or quarterly, and thirty days grace given on all payments.

No Permits for seamen and railroad employees required, and no restriction upon travel or employments, except those extremely hazardous.

All Policies have a guaranteed cash surrender value endorsed thereon, and the Company will make temporary loans to Policy holders.

Annual Dividends paid on the Contribution Plan.

The Company have already issued Six Thousand Policies.

MASSACHUSETTS AGENCY, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

Good Agents wanted in all parts of the State. Apply to

J. W. FLETCHER, *MANAGER.*

FRANK E. BUNDY, M.D., *Medical Examiner.*

ORDERS for the First Volume of THE RADICAL are solicited at Five Dollars per Copy. Price to be sent on receipt of the Book. Address the Publisher, 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

"THE Two Doctrines of the Bible on Sabbath-keeping."

"ANSWERS to Questions concerning Sabbath-keeping."

Two of each sent by mail for 10 cents.

Address CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, 43 Bowdoin Street. Boston, Mass.

James Tolman,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

111 Washington Street, Boston.

A Large and Well Selected Stock of

FOREIGN & AMERICAN GOODS

ALWAYS ON HAND,

Which will be made up in the best manner,
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

,

b

y.

ay-

ing

mi-

vel

any

b
N
A

H
t
A

b
H
t

ER.

at

H
O
t
O

O
O

H
t
A

T

V,

W
beyond

cy.

Pay

being

semi-

travel

pany

THE
by Edna
New York
Albee.

Histor
Higgins
translate
Annie B

THE F
by Franc
Friedrich
Notes.
tion. N

ER.

at

The E
Letters
Goethe's
ford. R
don, by M
ture Less

The D
C. Brack
Chadwick
Radical C

The St
Brooks.
lated by
Viegand
son from
by F. P.

To th

Might b

The r
The pap

THE RADICAL.

We take pleasure in announcing that THE RADICAL is to be continued beyond the present year.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY.

THE SYMPATHY OF RELIGIONS, by T. W. Higginson. The Value of Individuality in the Church and State, by Ednah D. Cheney. The Truant. The Human Sacrifices of Christendom, by Moncure D. Conway. The New Year. My Comrade. Science in Relation to Culture. Annie Beckett. I Would that My Life, by John Albee. Notes. Literary Notices.

MARCH.

Historic Birthdays, by Samuel Johnson. Judgment Hymn, by George Perry. Plutarch's Morals, by T. W. Higginson. Silence, by S. D. Robbins. Goethe's Conversations with Chancellor Friedrich Von Muller, translated from the German by C. C. Shackford. The Origin of Life, Scientific Notes. The Radical Club. Annie Beckett. Notes. To The Radical.

APRIL.

The Problem of the New Philosophy, Huxley, Spencer, Mill, and Bain, as Exponents of English Thought, by Francis Gerry Fairfield. The Pioneer, by Myron B. Benton. Goethe's Conversations with Chancellor Friedrich Von Muller, translated from the German by C. C. Shackford. The Antiquity of Man, Scientific Notes. The Fire-Balls of Jerusalem, by William Williams. The Radical Club. Annie Beckett. Incarnation. Notes.

MAY.

The Ethics of the Will, by M. D. Conway. The King Beautiful, by Francis Gerry Fairfield. Unpublished Letters from Theodore Parker, by T. W. Higginson. Prayer in the Light of Law, by George S. Burleigh. Goethe's Conversations with Chancellor Friedrich Von Muller, translated from the German by C. C. Shackford. Religious Conceit, by Elizur Wright. Somewhere, by Augusta Cooper Bristol. A Symposium in London, by M. D. C. Love Comes Again, by J. A. The Radical Club. Usbek a Rhedi, by C. W. F. Scripture Lesson, by Samuel Longfellow. Annie Beckett. Notes.

JUNE.

The Doctrine of Immortality in the Light of Science, by William J. Potter. Four White Lilies, by Anna C. Brackett. Natural Selection in regard to Man, by J. Stahl Patterson. My Pagan Friends, by John W. Chadwick. The Buddhist "Path of Virtue," by T. W. Higginson. Seven Years, by C. A. Barber. The Radical Club. Notes.

JULY.

The Stone Ages, by J. Stahl Patterson. The Death of Borne; from the German of Beck, by Charles T. Brooks. Idolatry, by J. Vila Blake. Goethe's Conversations with Chancellor Friedrich Von Muller, translated by C. C. Shackford. VVooden Links, by D. G. Ingraham. The Reorganized Republic, by Conrad VViegand. Theodore Parker in his Social Relations and Letters, by John T. Sargent. A New Gospel Lesson from the Apple-trees, by Caleb S. VVeeks. A Legend, by Fred May Holland. Translation from Faust, by F. P. Stearns. Free Religion. Notes.

To the following

NOTICES OF THE PRESS,

Might be added many appreciative paragraphs from private letters.

The revival of the Boston Radical is one of the best things in recent magazine history. The papers in the April number are none of them dull, and the continued story, "Annie

Beckett," is one of the best philanthropic novels we have lately seen. Mr. Shackford's translations from Muller's Conversations with Goethe are admirable contributions to the history of German literature, and contain some of Goethe's best sayings.—*Springfield Republican*.

The Radical for May is the best number of that magazine we have ever seen.—*Christian Register*.

Dull and dangerous.—*Zion's Herald*.


The May number of The Radical is one of the best. M. D. Conway, who could not be dull if he tried, contributes two articles. One of them, "A Symposium in London," celebrates an occasion on which many able men met together, the simple mention of whose names is refreshing. T. W. Higginson prints some hitherto unpublished letters of Theodore Parker, brief, off-hand, and all the more touching. "Annie Beckett," which has proved a spirited and suggestive story, is concluded. Another installment of "Goethe's Conversations with Von Muller," translated by Shackford, will be heartily welcomed by the public. The Radical grows livelier and finer as it grows older.—*Commonwealth*.

The Radical for June, like all the recent numbers, is of excellent quality.—*Springfield Republican*.

The June number of The Radical seeks an early start among the periodical candidates for favor. The leading essay, on "The Doctrine of Immortality in the Light of Science," is by William J. Potter. J. Stahl Patterson treats of "Natural Selection in regard to man," his consideration of the question relating primarily to the propositions announced by Mr. A. R. Wallace. The writer, without affirming that either Mr. Wallace or Mr. Darwin is absolutely right, asserts that "if natural law accounts for the origin of any species at all, it accounts for the origin of man." "My Pagan Friends" is a pleasant talk by John W. Chadwick about certain favorite books by noble Pagan moralists. T. W. Higginson gives quotations with running comments from Max Müller's translation of the "Dhammapadam," or Buddhist "Path of Virtue." "Seven Years" is a story by C. A. Barber. The Editorial Notes are fresh and pungent as usual.—*Boston Advertiser*.

The Radical for June may be said to take its readers on an excursion outside of the church and the church's religion, to see what goodness and truth can be found elsewhere.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Radical for June comes out in good season, with Mr. Potter's notable essay on "Immortality in the Light of Science" for the first and principal article. Between this paper and Mr. Stahl Patterson's welcome contribution on "Natural Selection in regard to Man," Miss Anna C. Brackett, who has a voice that we like, sings about "Four White Lilies." Mr. Chadwick chats pleasantly about his "Pagan Friends," the great heathen moralists, who are so much more Christian than most of the Christians. Col. Higginson appropriately follows with selections from "The Buddhist 'Path of Virtue,'" commenting by the way. Then there is a story, "Seven Years," by C. A. Barber, the Radical Club report, and the Notes, making a number that is almost perfect in its way. The Radical, in addition to its other merits or demerits,—as one may choose to style them,—is getting to be among the brightest, most piquant magazines in the country.—*Commonwealth*.

 The present is the time to subscribe for THE RADICAL, as a new volume commences with the number for August.

Subscriptions dating back to the beginning of the present year will be received at \$2.50.

Address S. H. MORSE, 25 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass

THE RADICAL.

JULY, 1871.

THE STONE AGES.

BEFORE the rise of historic times mankind used implements and weapons of (1) rough stone, (2) polished stone, (3) bronze, (4) iron. Were these used indiscriminately at all times and places? Did a knowledge of their structure and use come to man by supernatural revelation, or did he have to find out that for himself, one invention succeeding another in an ascending series, as inventions do now-a-days?

Geology, calling comparative anatomy to its aid, has enabled prehistoric archæologists, such as Nilsson, Steenstrup, Warsaë, and others, to decide that the rough-stone weapons came into use first, then the polished-stone, next bronze, and finally iron. Hence the usual division of prehistoric times into four ages: 1. The Paleolithic, or that of rough stone; 2. The Neolithic, or that of polished stone; 3. The age of Bronze; 4. The age of Iron.

Gold came sparingly into use in the Neolithic age for ornamental purposes. In some instances the use of copper preceded that of bronze, but it seems never to have been extensive in any region which has been explored. In the prehistoric Iron age bronze was in use for the handles, but not for the blades of cutting instruments.

We are not to infer from this division of prehistoric times, that, in addition to succession in chronological order, each of the ages was universal while it lasted. There was succession, but not universality in any instance but that of the Paleolithic. There evidently was a time when mankind were acquainted only with implements of unpolished stone. But after some lucky tribe had discovered the art of polishing, and had adopted it, the others were still using their weapons in the rough, and, if not already in every habitable place, may have been still gradually extending themselves over the surface of the earth, peopling new regions with only this primitive knowledge of the rough-stone art. When bronze, the third great achievement of invention, came into use, the first two were still in vogue. So when the use of iron was discovered all the four forms of industrial art were in existence in different parts of the world at the same time. In our day the Iron and Neolithic prevail. The rough-stone art is dead the world over.

Some one has spoken of man as a tool-using animal. If we imagine a primitive tribe commencing life anew in the wilderness, with everything to learn, we should expect them to use the tools and weapons they found already at hand, such as clubs and accidental fragments of stone. By and by they would attempt to shape these for themselves. The wood could not be worked without something to cut it with: to stone they would naturally resort for their edge tools; and hence the demand for it would result in attempts to give it such possible shape as would serve them best for cutting purposes. Stone would be used to point their spears with and their arrows. Stone knives would be made to skin their game and divide its flesh. Stone hammers would be used to crack nuts for their meat and bones for their marrow. If an enemy's head was to be broken, it would be done with a stone weapon. All their carpenter work would have to be done with tools of this material. It is in the direction of stone-working that the ingenuity of our primitive people would be first developed. They would become stone-implement makers and users.

Chipped-stone implements are the earliest geological indications of man's existence. Such are the implements found in

the gravel beds of the post-pliocene at Abbeville, Amiens, and elsewhere. If evidence of man's existence has been found in the miocene, it is in shape of these rough-stone implements. These rude forms must be regarded in the present state of our knowledge as the first records on the prehistoric page of human history. There is no mistaking their significance: they point to an infantile condition of the human race. They are found, not in a few localities only, but almost everywhere: in Burma, in India, in Palestine, in Syria, in Arabia, in Egypt, in Algiers, at the Cape of Good Hope, very generally in Europe and our own country, and so throughout the world, so far as exploration has been made. Every part of the earth has been inhabited by these primitive people. And this condition of society, this phase of man's existence, that of the Paleolithic age, probably endured for an immense period of time.

We do not discuss here whether man is or is not a natural product of the organic world; we assume that he is, as this is the only view which legitimately comes within the recognition of science. Neither do we here discuss the question of one or many original branches of the human family. From what is known of organic evolution there is no need of supposing more than one. Many of the facts of prehistoric science indicate sameness of methods between peoples far remote, as if they had descended from an original stock and spread from an original source.

Admitting unity of origin, we have to concede the requisite time for the multiplication and diffusion of mankind into all parts of the earth, whilst still lower in the scale of civilization than the lowest known savages of the present day. They had to maintain the struggle for existence against animals which were stronger and swifter than themselves. Their advantage consisted in the free use of specialized hands in connection with an intellectual aptitude for the invention of rude weapons of wood and stone for attack and defense. With these they must hold their own against their brute competitors, and make their way through vast forests, over deserts, across rivers, channels, and straits, from land to land, from continent to continent. The oldest known skulls are far from being of uniform type: succes-

sive waves of peoples may have passed over the earth even before the discovery of bronze. The geological changes which took place during the Paleolithic age go to confirm its slow evolution. If the evidence of man's existence which some believe to have been found in the miocene should be confirmed, our conception of the duration of this most primitive form of human society will have to be extended many fold. A deductive consideration leads to the same conclusion. It is founded on the known fact that the less the intellectual capacity of any creature, and the poorer the appliances at its command, the less progress will it make in a given time. Give greater complication to the intellect and its means, and improvement becomes more rapid. How slow was the progress of Western Europe till within the last century; yet how much superior its people in the means of progress to their predecessors in the days of the mammoth and cave bear!

The development of mankind in society has no doubt been like development in many another field (as in that of science, for example), slow at first, only becoming perceptible by the comparison of very remote periods. That this was true of the Paleolithic peoples is indicated by the uniformity of type which characterizes their implements. Admitting the existence of miocene man, there could have been but little change to measure the lapse of thousands of generations. There appears to have been but little change till after the transition from rough to polished stone.

To the rough-stone period belong the relics which have been found in the drift-beds of the post-pliocene, in the caves along with the remains of extinct animals, and perhaps most of those in the earliest shell-heaps.

To the polished-stone period belong the relics which are found in a large portion of the tumuli which abound in almost every country, also those which are found in most of the pile-works of the Swiss lakes, and a part of what are found in the shell-heaps of Denmark.

Primitive life was no doubt very monotonous, still it was not uniform throughout. Living in the midst of forests or along the sea-coasts would lead to different habits of life. In the one

case savages would depend on game and the forest fruits for sustenance, while in the other the waters would be laid under contribution for the same purpose. If shell-fish were consumed at the same locality for a long period of time, the durable character of the remains would build up a monument to the memory of those old people.

Just such shell-heaps are found in many parts of the world. They were first studied on the coast of Denmark, where they abound. They are found also on our own coasts in latitudes far asunder, and are probably not so ancient as those of Europe. In Denmark they form immense heaps from three to ten feet high, more than a thousand feet long, and in some instances as many as two hundred feet wide. As a population so primitive must have been very sparse, it would require a long time to form these heaps of kitchen refuse.

We may be very sure that the earliest of mankind used dwelling-places of the simplest possible structure. Some of them dwelt in caves and grottoes, we know; and in all probability they had an eye to any means of shelter which nature furnished them, with such additions as they could make with little labor and less invention. But during the latter part of the Stone period they had a way of building their habitations on the lakes a little way from the shore, to which resort they must have been originally driven by a dire necessity, perhaps as a means of escape from their enemies. They drove piles into the bottom of the lake for the support of platforms on which their dwellings were built. These piles were round, sometimes as many as seven to nine inches in diameter, and sharpened by means of stone axes and fire. Villages so pillared in the waters were once numerous. Their remains are found in Italy and elsewhere, but especially in Switzerland, where they have been carefully studied. It is estimated that they must have sheltered a population of many thousands. This method of constructing villages is not yet extinct, being found in the East-India Islands and elsewhere.

Human society, such as we know it, has been developed from very small beginnings. The earliest of mankind must have lived very much as the wild animals do. They were wild in the

midst of wild beasts, not having tamed even the dog, the oldest domesticated animal known. Towards the close of the Paleolithic age the dog may have become the servant of man. Its remains are found in the refuse heaps which were formed by a people in transition, perhaps, from the Paleolithic to the Neolithic age.

The people of the latter age were somewhat better off in this respect. In Switzerland two or three races or species of the ox appear to have been domesticated. The horse, if tamed, must have been little used. The remains of goats and sheep are found, the former being more plentiful in the older villages. The domesticated hog does not appear to have been in any considerable use till after the close of the Neolithic age. But if these ancient people were poor in domestic breeds, they had plenty of wild game, of which they made good use, as the remains in their old habitations show. They seem to have been fond of marrow, and they understood perfectly how to break and split the bones so as to obtain it most readily. And if they had not the wealth of civilized life, they were also free from the annoyance of some of its pests. They had no mice nor rats. The cat was not domesticated till long afterwards.

The people of the rough-stone age knew little of agriculture. There are no grains or fruits found in the refuse heaps. In the polished-stone age the cultivation of the soil must have received considerable attention. The American Indians were in the age of polished stone, using some copper in the stone forms, when this country was first discovered by the Europeans, and they grew considerable of maize, an exclusively American product. They cultivated the soil with stone spades and stone hoes. In Switzerland wheat and barley were grown, and, as these people had no mills, the grain was crushed between stones in pestle-and-mortar fashion, made into cakes without leaven, and baked, probably, between hot stones. Some of these ancient cakes in a charred condition have been actually found, a specimen thereof measuring about one inch thick and four or five inches in diameter. They dried apples and pears in those days, a business which is, therefore, very old. Whether they cultivated the trees is not known: the fruit was of inferior quality, and was probably wild.

The earliest of mankind no doubt clothed themselves in skins so far as they clothed themselves at all. But there was invention in these early ages. Spindle whorls of earthen ware have been found, as well as rude fabrics of flax and straw in considerable quantity, in the lake villages of the Neolithic age, so that these people were not destitute of this luxury.

The earthen ware was at first very rude in form, being shaped by the hands without the aid of a wheel, and baked in an open fire. Ornamentation began in the rudest possible form, consisting of marks made by the finger-nail, or by a cord pressed into the soft clay. In America the earthen ware from the first bears evidence of artistic skill in the matter of ornamentation, quite superior to that of Europe. The art may have been perfected elsewhere and brought hither by immigration.

The oldest known work of art is the profile of a cave bear on a slab of slate. The art of ornamentation was an early development; for during the latter part of the Paleolithic age, during what is known as the Reindeer epoch, the forms of various animals, as the stag, ibex, horse, mammoth, and also of man, were drawn on elephants' ivory and reindeers' horns. The handle of a poniard is cut out of a reindeer's horn in the form of a couchant reindeer. And all this was done by a people who had never thought to grind their stone axes.

But few human skeletons of the Paleolithic age have been identified. The people of the Neolithic age buried their dead in tumuli, placing the corpse in a sitting posture. These ancient people were far from being alike in personal appearance, or in size and conformation of brain. The famous Engis skull, belonging to a contemporary of the mammoth, cannot be regarded as an unmistakably low form. The Neanderthal skull, also very ancient, carries the lineaments of greater wildness. The men of Les Eyzes of the Reindeer epoch were tall, with well-formed heads, but the prominent superciliary arches and the ridged bones reveal the wild and animal character of the people and of their mode of life. The people who formed the Scandinavian shell-heaps were small in stature, with small heads, prominent eyebrows, advancing jaws, low foreheads. The rough structure of the bones indicate great rudeness.

The practice of eating each other was perhaps universal among the people of the polished-stone age in Europe. Human bones are found broken and split for the marrow, like the bones of animals.

The progress of mankind, like progress in any other department of organic life, has not been by an equal movement of all the parts. In some directions there may have been retardation, while in others there was acceleration. As in the anthropoid apes some approach man more in one thing and some in another, as in the conformation of brain or foot, so primitive society advanced towards existing civilization with a similar inequality of movement. A fact which affords some illustration of this principle is, that the earliest known people of the south of France used needles of bone with eyes for sewing, and decorated their bone implements with engravings of animals, while most of their stone tools were nevertheless of the rudest character.

All savages now in the stone age polish their implements, consequently the industrial life of the rough-stone age was lower than any which now exists, low as that is in some instances known to be. All those peoples may not have been more groveling than the Australian or Andaman Islander now is, but some of them no doubt were.

APPEALING TO SCIENCE.

People have various methods of regarding science. Some follow it in its own genuine spirit to its legitimate results. Most professed scientists do so in the mathematical and physical sciences; but when it comes to man, to the sciences which touch him, there is often a good deal of hesitancy. A constantly increasing number, however, dare study man on the principles found most fruitful of results in the study of non-human subjects. Witness the increasing interest in anthropological studies in Germany, France, Italy, England.

Still, wittingly or unwittingly, a great many indulge a mental reserve, using science so far as it serves their prejudices, and no farther. It is quite the fashion to use or misuse science by snatches. This often has a learned and candid look, and is a

successful way of misleading. The infection from a single individual may become the origin of a real epidemic, if only the virus he imparts should meet with a predisposition on the part of the people to take it, — not an uncommon thing.

We must needs look at science or anything else from our own plane of culture, influenced by the ideas which shape the vision of our mental eyes. When a clergyman of England was taking his evening walk nearly a century ago, and Murdock's experimental steam engine, which had escaped from its maker's control, came rushing across the fields and lanes, the pious man thought it was the Devil. Why should he not? His business was with, or against, the "arch enemy." It was his ruling idea. A few years ago a priest utilized geological theory to explain the whereabouts of hell. He said it was located in the interior of the earth, where the rocks are a molten mass. How comfortable to reflect that all the heretics are writhing in boiling granite inside the earth, while we are still on its surface where priests dispute about the means of salvation! Quite recently a priest has announced the discovery of the veritable flint knife with which Joshua performed the rite of circumcision. Precious relic! Said priest further suggests that by the use of the spectroscope vestiges of the blood might be detected on the sacred implement. This brilliant conception could hardly have entered the priest's brain, even under the pressure of authority or the light of inspiration, had it not been for the science of archeology, and that scientific marvel, the spectroscope.

HAECKEL ON THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

Ernst Haeckel is regarded by naturalists as a very high authority. He does not believe that life is something imposed upon matter by an outside force. He refers life to the forces which are bound up with matter and inseparable from it. This life-force belongs more especially to the element of carbon. Haeckel has made a special study of the lowest forms of living things. They are simply bits of structureless protoplasm, yet exhibiting the phenomena of life, and performing their vital functions by means of the physico-chemical forces. He believes that this was the original form of life at the ushering in

of the Paleozoic age. The same forms still existing, he believes that they are generated from not-living matter now as in primeval times. This he says cannot be disproved. On the other hand, it is difficult to establish it by direct experiment, or to detect it by means of observation. The experiments performed by Pasteur and others have little bearing on the point. All the facts in the case conspire to show that life is dependent only on the play of the material forces, and that its origin was and is as natural as the formation of the crystal.

J. STAHL PATTERSON.

THE DEATH OF BÖRNE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BECK.

[Ludwig Börne, the most brilliant and sarcastic of modern German writers, — Heine alone excepted, — died at Paris, Feb. 13, 1837, after a life devoted to warfare against despotism.]

TO fight with Fortune never cared he,
 Because her smile lent *him* no light;
 On misery's crutch undaunted fared he,
 Like all brave hearts, into the night.
 The linnet, as his cage he paces, —
 Palace or prison, — what cares he?
 The bird of passage (heaven's wide spaces
 His only home) alone is free.

As once Themistocles behind him
 Burned all his ships along the shore,
 That, if weak fear to flight inclined him,
 Flight should be possible no more, —

So *he*, in a strange land sojourning,
Inflamed the startled souls of men
With freedom's word, so bold and burning,
He ne'er might see his home again.

'Gainst *Love* he never brought an action,
That she his heart left desolate ;
Left *him*, who starved for warm affection,
A beggar at the door of Hate.
Caressed by waves that rock her lightly,
At peace the ship in port may be ;
But only in the storm, the nightly,
Unpitying tempest, is she *free*.

With *Fate* alone his soul contended,
That she the thunderbolt denied,
To fight till the great conflict ended,
Till Freedom's sun blazed far and wide.
What boots word-lightning's fiery letter ?
A flash of song strikes no one dead ;
From the slave's limb it melts no fetter,
Though it may flush his cheek with red.*

Though, ransomed from the grave's dominion,
His manly spirit soar away,
Upborne, on airy, deathless pinion,
To regions of eternal day, —
Though heaven be flushed with sunrise-fire,
And all its gates wide open be,
He'll stand without, and first inquire :
"Lord, in thy Heaven may one be *free* ?"

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

* "Must we but blush ? our fathers bled !" — *Byron's Isles of Greece*.

IDOLATRY.

IN religious discussion of a certain pattern we continually meet two terms reiterated with confidence as being each in itself truthful or actual and fundamentally opposed to the other. These are "idols" and the "true God." But what is an "idol"? What is "idolatry"? What is the "true God"? What is worship of him? These are questions not so easy to answer as the complacencies of theology assume; and when brought into clear shape by a mental microscopy of a defining power that is little known and less used among theologians, the assumed contrast or contradiction of the terms may be found so evanescent that the words shall appear but names for different stages of one great fundamental fact, which stages are both necessary in the natural order of things, and manifest in human history. That fundamental fact is RELIGION, which, in its pure and perfect nature, is hidden in those relations of the finite and the infinite, of the *spirit in man* and *God the Spirit*, whose development is *life* and whose progressive comprehension is the soul's end and destiny; which, in its historical order, is materialistic, idolatrous, spiritual, polytheistic, monotheistic, natural, supernatural, refined, gross, simple, complex, cruel, compassionate, ceremonial, plain, sacerdotal, popular, free, tyrannical, and full of all other contrasts. But it is constant in this, that it walks beside man along all the long road of his progress, and never leaves him, from the time when he feeds upon roots and digs with his hands, till he makes all nature furnish intellectual blocks to build the temple of religion in the soul. And it is constant in this, that it is at all times good for man. It is his dealing with the problem of himself and his relative (permit the word), the Infinite. Wollaston's definition of adoration is beautiful: "We shall find ourselves bound to worship Him in the best manner we can. For by worshiping Him, I mean nothing but owning Him to be *what He is*, and ourselves to be *what we are*." But as our knowledge is never perfect, this worship must be truthfulness, practical and theoretical, i.e., of behaviour and words, in confession of what He seems to us, and, the correlate thereof, what we

seem to ourselves ; whence it appears that religion will change with increasing knowledge, and is, by natural laws, if man interfere not with them, adapted to that state of knowledge in which it finds itself, and which, by its adaptation and natural relationship, it invests with a charm, a dignity and a liberty, which make new pursuit enthusiastic and lead to great rewards. But this natural law of religion men have interfered with by tyranny, fear, ambition, and the other selfishnesses of passion, as with the natural laws of political development and of trade ; so that it has happened, on the one hand, that as knowledge has matured, many men have cast off religion altogether as having been for many years an oppressive tyranny or abusive folly ; and, on the other hand, that many more, who still hold to it, regard it as a whole as ignorantly and prejudicially as they hold their special domain in it, not perceiving that it is a universal fact embracing many forms, a perpetual outflowing of soul better or worse expressed in all forms which men have tried ; but believing their own way or form to be religion itself and all that is religion, and calling God, as they have learned to conceive him, the true God, and all else that men worship, idols. Thus, it was the view of the ancient church that the Roman worship was an idolatry caused by demons who misled the people into the worship of evil imps ; and after all this superstition had long passed away, Samuel Clarke thought all adoration of God, in any form gross enough to be called idolatry, was the express contrivance and work of the devil. I find in a critical work that the Jews “blended in a strange manner a theoretical belief in the true God with the external reverence which, in different stages of their history, they were led to pay to the idols of the natives by whom they were surrounded ;” and the good and great Clarke, before mentioned, defines idolatry, with his accustomed precision of statement, thus : It “consists either in setting Idol-Gods, in opposition to or in conjunction with the true God ; or in worshipping the true God himself after an idolatrous manner, — either representing him under visible and corporeal images, or applying to him through false and idol mediators, in diminution of the honor of the one true mediator, whom God himself has expressly appointed to be alone our advocate, intercessor and judge.”

Indeed, this opposing of the true God and the Idol, as if saying, —

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this, —
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
And batten on this moor?" —

this is a common cant of pulpits which ought now to know better, and to be as little jealous that God should receive his utmost due of praise and homage, as he, in the supreme tenderness of his silence, shows himself to be. In my mind, God cares not at all for the homage or praise, or for all the offerings and ceremonies, yea, and the many prayers with which men assume divine egotism to be pleased; but he cares very much about the soul which offers these in its ignorance, — as if he should say, "Leave there thy bowings and protestations at the threshold, child, and come in, that we may be nearer."

But what reason do those show who say that the "true God" is present sometimes, and sometimes men have only "idols"? that it is possible to worship, and yet not worship the "true God," but "idols"? Let us define carefully, that we may use words both intelligently and conscientiously. We have to ask, what is the "true God"? What is an "idol"? What is "idolatry"?

I. What is the "true God"? No one would be so foolish as to answer this question with a name. Names are given by men and have no religious consequence; one is as good as another, however our prejudices may prefer any, for it is certain that God, Gott, Dieu, Dios, Deus, Theos, Allah, Jehovah, Jupiter, Zeus, Odin, Brahma, Osiris, Ormuzd, and many other names, have satisfied the needs of many millions of men, and have not been unintelligible to Him who was meant by one and all of them. And who can tell conjoined with which the purest love and most heavenly prayers have ascended? or whether any of them have such advantage?

If then the "true God" does not consist in his name, it must be in his nature. And this may be looked at speculatively (metaphysically) or morally. If to have the true God consist in

true speculative thoughts about him, correct apprehensions of his being, of his relations to us and to all the universe, of the infinite and finite, of consciousness, will, freedom, necessity, and evil, then whose speculations shall decide, since men and schools differ and each holds his own with firmness? There is the simple anthropomorphism of the Greek and the profound trinity of the Greek Christian; the Mohammedan Necessarianism, the Indian Pantheism, the Persian Dualism, the Gnostic Pleroma; there are also all the varying conceptions of the Christian centuries. Since these cannot all be true, is it to be said that all who have believed the mistaken ones have worshiped no God who is really God? Or that if all are wrong, there has been no worship ever in the world because no one has known the true God to worship him? If, now, the good Christian says that all these views are either long passed or foolish corruptions, comes science plucking him by the sleeve and saying, "Friend, thy loud talking interrupts me. I must tell thee that to my vision thou seemest as grotesque as the Hindu or the Greek to thine; for thou fillest the world with dispensations and miracles, whereas I see very clearly that natural order reigns everywhere, and I have learned that God, who is the being of all things, always does the same thing in the same way, so that his acts display a law or constant method, which I always expect and always find, and which appears to have been so from the beginning. Nay, I must tell thee that there are many stumbling-blocks in the way of admitting the existence of God at all, which thou wilt do well to take count of, for ignorance will not make thy praise better nor thy prayer more favored."

It is plain that to have the true God cannot consist in a correct philosophy or belief; for then, by reason of the difference of minds, no more than one mind could ever know him, and this one, in its own changes could feel no security of itself; and, by reason of the infinitude of truth, not even a single one could know him; and so all the world are left worshiping unreal gods, which is the common meaning of "idolatry."

Now, to take the moral view, does the true God, or the actual being of God to us, consist in our having holy or moral ideas of him and imputing to him no immorality? But what man's or

what age's moral sense shall be the standard? And, in the insensible degrees by which moral advance proceeds, at what time after Barbarian truculence and Greek sensualism did mankind first have the true God? Or by what tests is the present morality judged sufficient? The Bible is set up for a standard, and the "God of the Bible" for the true God. But the "God of the Bible" is not good enough for me. He is cruel and vindictive sometimes. He has favorites and is unjust. He is angry and jealous about his dues. My conscience is as good as any other to make a standard of; and none are good where all differ and all are responsible. If, therefore, morality be the mark of the true God, each man must be left to assume what he pleases for himself; and if the ideal morality be, perhaps, like the perfect truth, an everlasting enthusiasm because never to be possessed, then the "true God" has never been and will never be existent for us, and the world has never adored a reality in life, but only a dead image or mere conceit called "idol."

II. So, then, as the "true God" seems to have no rational meaning, how is it with this same "idol" which is continually opposed therewith? Has it more of rationality? In its original significance (*ειδωλον*) an *image* or *shape*, and figuratively an *idea*, *vision*, *fancy*, *phantom*, it has a sense which answers to reality. But in its religious use, which, save a metaphorical sense borrowed from its religious meaning, is its only use with us, it has no more sense than the "true God" to which it is opposed; and, indeed, when one side of an antithesis shows itself to be nonsense, the other side must, perforce, in its related meaning, be the same. The religious meaning of "idol," from the contrast in which it is placed, must be *false God*. Now, every difficulty that involves the term "true God," in lack of sense, infests also its opposite "false God." Similarly to our reasoning before, it cannot consist in a wrong name; for a name, though inappropriate, alters not nature or essence. But neither can "idol" mean a false God by virtue of his nature. For if it mean an immoral Deity, then whose time or mind shall judge? And besides, religion, something natural to man, is natural to all his stages, and adapted to them, is fitted and conformed to moral as well as to other knowledge, and imparts a charm and dignity which

leads to rectifications and larger measures of truth ; and it is at all times real religion, and worships real Divinity. And if "idol" mean a thing, an image or block of wood, stone, or metal, set up for a god, then this is merely a mistake concerning the nature of God, speculatively, and is not to be held to cause a false God any more than the "true (or actual) God" was found to consist in true opinions of him.

III. Finally, for our last question : What is "Idolatry?" It is plain that this, which means worship of an "idol," can have just so much proper sense as "idol" has and no more ; i.e., it may have a technical sense corresponding to the literal sense of "idol," but it cannot be of religious or sentimental force, because therein "idol" is unmeaning. The *technics* of religion is theology. Theology is a science, and, like other sciences, is set to formularize its subject-matter. Its subject-matter is the universe conceived as centering in God. Theology is the formulæ of the universe referred to God. And since its first responsibility must be to legitimate its own centre of reference, theology may be said to be wholly in controversy, and even its scientific existence to be at issue ; for its first affirmation, the being of God, was never so much doubted as now. Religion, in so far as it depends on theology (for it does not depend on it exclusively), is the disposition and feeling of the soul induced by the universe as referred to God,—the fervor, the awe, the love, the trust, the adoration, the aspiration. Now, in the discussions of theology, "idolatry" may have a place ; for, as "idol" means literally an image or shape, so "idolatry" may fitly signify that form or stage of worship which ascribes power to the inanimate, and forms a sensible image to be, or to represent, its deity. Thus the poor savage is idolatrous ; and thus, too, St. Agobard denounced the idolatry of the Christians when their memorial images of saints had come into superstitious regard and observance ; i.e., they alike, savage and Christian, worshiped under this peculiar speculative mistake. But the worship was the same notwithstanding. There is no mistake and no idolatry in *religion*. It has its intellectual connections, and grows finer, richer, deeper, less selfish, purer, as knowledge makes the mind glow with a keener sense of beauty, order, love, truth, and all

glories physical and human. But this is to improve its quality, not its virtue: the virtue of religion is sincerity. There is no distinction of true God and false God. The only discrimination regards the sincerity of the worship. Every conception of God is true in part, and false in part. But all worship is altogether worship of the one actual and living God, whose being is as much the ground of the obscurities and blind groping of the Bushman, as of the enlightenment of the sage. It is He who is worshiped under every name; it is He whom nascent art strives to depict or carve out; it is He whose silence mature science interprets, and the greatest of souls adores. But always He, for He alone *is* and lives,—whether the worship be Hot-tentot, Greek, Jewish, Mexican, Christian, or refuses to be named. If a shivering Indian bow to a wooden statue with any sense of a somewhat superior to him which claims his devotion,—i.e., in so far as it may be religious at all,—it is God who is worshiped; and it can be no more God if the devoutest soul of most spiritual saint pour out life itself in prayer. He is “Jehovah, Jove, or Lord;” He is Odin, Vile, and Ve; He is Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva; He consented once to glorify the ugly image imported from China. Some conceptions are nobler than others; but all worship can mean only Him who is the One worshiped, and is answered by Him who sees and understands the inmost heart and every hidden spring of thought.

So, then, I conclude that “idols” and “idolatry” may have properly a technical meaning in theology as names for certain forms or kinds of worship; but that the “true God” and “idols,” as balanced against each other, and contrasted in religion, are meaningless and delusive; that every prayer rises to his ear who is in truth God; that idolatry is impossible as religion, possible only as form or speculation. If any one deem any worship idolatrous as being addressed to any other than the true God, I reply, as Antonio to Sebastian, —

“Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be called deformed, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beautiful evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.”

J. VILA BLAKE.

GOETHE'S CONVERSATIONS

WITH CHANCELLOR FRIEDRICH VON MÜLLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4. Goethe gave a large evening party in honor of the interesting musical artist, Mad. Marie Szymanowska, of whom he had before told us so much, and who yesterday arrived here with her sister, Casimira Motowska, to make him a visit. He had already, at Carlsbad, written those beautiful stanzas that he recently read to us, in which he expressed to her his grateful thanks for her playing, so full of deep expression, which first restored composure to his soul after the deep wound inflicted by his separation from Levezows. Goethe was very cheerful and gallant during the whole evening, taking delight in the applause which Mad. Szymanowski won as much through her personal charms as through her expressive playing.

TUESDAY, NOV. 14. To-day, at last, after much trouble and a great variety of hindrances, the public concert of Mad. Szymanowski took place. Only a few hours before the appointed time the whole thing threatened to fall through from the want of a good piano, when the Archduchess herself generously offered her own. After the concert we had supper with the Egloffsteins at Goethe's, who was in a most amiable and genial mood. Among many other sentiments, one was given to remembrance, when he broke out in great animation with these words: "I do not hold to remembrance in your sense; that is only an awkward way of expressing one's self. Whatever of the great, beautiful, significant, has come to us must not be recalled as if it were something outside of us to be hunted up: rather must it interweave itself from the very first with our inner being, become one with it, call out a new and better *me* within us, and remain thus an ever-present, creating, and forming influence in our souls. There is no past which one ought to long to call back, there is only an eternal new which shapes itself out of the widening elements of the past; and the genuine longing must always be productive, creating something new

and better. And," added he with great emotion, "have we not all experienced this in ourselves during the past few days? Do we not all of us feel inwardly refreshed, improved, expanded by this lovely, noble presence that is now to be taken from us? No: it cannot be withdrawn, it has become a part of our inmost self, it will continue to live within us, and, however it may try to flee away, I shall hold fast by it forever."

MARCH 16. I was with him alone from five to seven o'clock, and afterwards with Soret. The conversation turned upon Kirms's resignation of the superintendence of the theatre. "Ay!" said he, "Kirms has acquired property at a time when one could be economical, could do much with a little. I did not receive a penny for my directorship, I expended a deal of money besides in fitting out the actors, and I enjoyed that privilege of a sovereign, to be as generous as I pleased. Yes: we come down from an old and different time, and one that we need not be ashamed of."

We spoke of his discourse on the Ilmenau Mines, and the analysis of it which I made to Soret gave to Goethe the desire of reading it again himself, although he thought that I had introduced into my account of it a great deal from the nineteenth century. "When I first came to Weimar I was uninstructed in the natural sciences, and the necessity I was under of giving practical counsels to the Duke in his various undertakings, constructions, and plans led me to the study of nature. Ilmenau has cost me much time, trouble, and money; but I learned much thereby in return, and gained an insight of nature which I would exchange for no consideration. I would venture to cope with the scientific writers and teachers; they are all shy of me, even if they do not differ from me, as is often the case."

WHITSUNTIDE, JUNE 6, 1824. I went to see him after the court dinner. He was sitting in his shirt sleeves and taking wine with Riemer. "This was why he did not receive the Countess Lina Egloffstein; she might come," said he to Ottilie, "in the evening—not when friends are here with whom I am profound or sublime." I have seldom seen him more copious in thought and more animated. Some anecdotes I related concerning Kirchner of Frankfort led the conversation to the subject of

humor. "Only he can be a humorist," said he, "who has no conscience and no sense of responsibility. Musaeus might well be one,—he managed his school badly enough, and troubled himself about nothing and nobody. To be sure, every one has his moments of humor; but the question is whether the humorous mood is a permanent one, pervading the whole life. Wieland, for example, had humor, because he was a skeptic, and the skeptic is never very seriously in earnest with anything. Wieland regarded himself as responsible to no one, not even to his own family, nor to his prince, and acted accordingly. But whoever takes life in serious earnest, he can be no humorist. Who can venture to have humor when he takes into consideration the infinite range of responsibilities resting upon him towards himself and others, and when he wishes to strive earnestly for the attainment of certain ends? Among the great statesmen, the Duke of Ossuna is the only one who had humor, but it proceeded in him from a contempt of humanity. But I mean by this to bring no reproach against the humorists. Is it necessary for one to have a conscience? Who requires it of him?"

I interposed that a writer has somewhere said, that "humor was nothing but the wit of the heart." Goethe chafed angrily at that expression, "nothing but." He cried out, "That was what Cicero once said: 'Friendship is nothing but,' &c. O thou ass! thou simpleton! thou good-for-nothing fellow! who ran to Greece to get wisdom, and brought away nothing wiser than that nonsensical phrase, 'nothing but.' Mere negation, mere undervaluation! I become mad at once when I hear the like. I could never have any regard for Matthison because of that absurd song, 'Names name thee not!' And 'wit of the heart'—what nonsense! I do not know what the heart is—and to predicate wit of it! Phrases of that sort sound to me like bursting air-bubbles: the understanding finds absolutely nothing in them; it is empty stuff."

JUNE 30. I was to-day at Goethe's with Coudray, afterwards with Riemer, and then with Meyer, who wanted to take leave before going on his trip to Carlsbad. The Catholic regulations gave occasion to sharp attacks on the mysteries of the Christian religion, especially the immaculate conception of St. Mary, as

Mother Anna had also to conceive immaculately. Then he criticised the "Roman Letters," whose author had never been to Rome, as being partizan, dragging down the ideal to a vulgar level, and denuding all symbols of their higher meaning. Every idea lost its worth when it became literalized.

After Meyer and Coudray had left, the conversation turned upon Spain. Goethe unfolded in great, characteristic outlines the ancient history of Spain, the protracted struggle with the Moors, the isolation and antagonism of the separate provinces consequent thereupon, and how necessary was the mutual destruction of the inhabitants. He bestowed great praise upon the book of Spain and the Revolution. "The present condition of the world—clearness in all relations—is very favorable to the individual, if he confines himself to his own limits; but, if he will seize hold of the moving spokes of the revolving world, and thinks that he must also as a part of the whole act independently according to his own ideas, must give shape and bounds to his activity, it is easier than ever to come to naught. For my part, I would rather live in this time than in any other. One must draw back upon himself, do the right thing silently in appointed methods—who will then do him any harm?"

DEC. 17. I found Goethe reading the new translation of the "Arabian Nights," by Habicht, Hagen, and Schall, which he praised highly, and preferred to the French, as it was from the original text. "These tales," said he, "must help me over the gloomy days; it seems as if the consciousness that the sun would begin to come nearer in a few days already gives us warmth." Eckermann came in, and the conversation turned upon the "Conversations with Lord Byron." "I am reading them now for the second time; I don't like to pass them by, and yet they leave behind a painful impression. How much prattle about some miserable trifle! what a thin-skinned susceptibility in regard to every stupid criticism of the newspapers! what a wasted life with hounds, apes, peacocks, horses! all without result and connection. Byron's intuitions were fine and clear: reflection is not his forte; his judgments and conclusions are often those of a child. How patiently, too much so, he allows the charge of plagiarism to be brought against him,

defending himself by skirmishing, instead of thundering against his opponents with his heaviest guns! Does not everything which the past and the present have produced belong of right to the poet? Why should he be chary of taking flowers wherever he finds them? It is only through the appropriation of treasures belonging to others that anything great is brought into being. Have I not in Mephistopheles appropriated Job, and also a song of Shakespeare? Byron was a great poet unconsciously, for the most part, and seldom was he joyous in the perception of his own powers."

Von Hormayr's history of Austria and Count Sternberg's picture led the conversation to Bohemia. "A grand culture was domesticated there in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, before it was thought of in other parts of Germany. Prague with its forty thousand students — what a phenomenon! From every corner of Germany and Switzerland teachers went forth, and each carried a troop of scholars along with him. Every one was thirsting for acquaintance with Greek and Latin literature. The greatest privileges and freedom were accorded to the professors, and when the attempt was afterwards made to limit these they became rebellious and withdrew. Leipzig was raised into notice by one of these emigrating hosts. Yes: history allows us to get sight of very wonderful phenomena, whenever we consider it from a particular point of view. And yet no one can be said to learn anything from history; for it contains only a mass of follies and basenesses."

On a December evening, in 1824, Goethe said, in referring to Klinger, "One must not see again old friends; for he is at a loss to come to an understanding with them; every one has come to talk a different language. If any one is in earnest with his own inward culture, let him take care in regard to this point; for the dissonance can only have a disturbing influence on us, and the pure picture of the earlier relation is marred."

JAN. 26, 1825. We spoke of the Hofrath Wilhelm Müller of Dessau, who had visited us at this time. "To me he is a disagreeable person," said he, "self-sufficient; above all, he wears spectacles, and that is the most intolerable thing of all. Frau von Varnhagen and Bettine von Arnim have given me a good

description of Müller's wife, who is a really lovely person. Frau von Arnim is seldom to be relied upon now, however; she is an arrant charlatan. That half-Mignon, half-Gurli mask, which became her so well in younger years, she assumes now merely out of jugglery to hide her cunning and knavery. Her Italian blood necessarily led her to form a most living conception of Mignon. Such problematic characters interest me, nevertheless, very deeply, and so much the more as I find difficulty in explaining and deciphering them. I must confess that I should not have the least idea how to get along with everlasting felicity, if it did not offer me new tasks and difficulties to overcome. But that has been well provided for: we need only cast a glance at the planets and suns; there will still be nuts enough to crack.

"With 'the doctrine of colors' it is the same as with the game of whist: one never has done learning, and he must keep on playing in order to learn more. One has to play for himself; there is no learning from others, and no teaching will avail."

MAY 17. Ottilie did not allow herself to be seen; an unfortunate accident had occurred by which her face had been disfigured, and Goethe had himself avoided seeing her, for the reason, as he said, "I cannot get rid of disagreeable impressions; they destroy forever the image in my memory. I am so peculiarly constituted in respect to my susceptibility of sensuous impression that I hold most distinctly and definitely in memory all outlines and forms, and find myself at the same time affected in the most lively way by deformities and defects. The most beautiful and precious copper-plate engraving, if it receives a stain or a crease, becomes at once intolerable to me. Why should I be vexed at this peculiarity, painful as it often is to me, standing as it does in the most intimate connection with other natural peculiarities which confer delight? For without that keen susceptibility to impressions, and that capacity of conception, I could not produce forms so living and so sharply individualized. This facility and definiteness of conception induced me to fancy during many years that I had a calling and a talent for drawing and painting. It was very late before I became aware that I was lacking in the ability to reproduce in external form the received impressions." I replied that the mechanical

and technical difficulties, and the time required in mastering them, had probably frightened him; but he denied this, asserting that wherever there was a genuine talent it made a path to unfold itself adequately, and in spite of all obstacles found the right means to do so.

SUNDAY, June 18. I was with him alone from six to nine, P.M. "The mathematics," he said, when I told him of "Pestalozzi's Confessions," "the mathematics have the wholly false repute of giving infallible results. Its certainty is merely an identity. Twice two is not four, but only twice two, and we call this four for brevity. Four is nothing new. And so with all its conclusions; but in the higher formulas the identity is lost sight of. The Pythagoreans and the Platonists looked upon this marvel, that number is everywhere present in the creation, as religion itself; but God must verily be sought elsewhere."

WEDNESDAY, April 11. "I wish to tell you something," said Goethe, "which you may carry with you into life. In nature there is an attainable and an unattainable; let this discrimination be made, well pondered, and held in respect. We are greatly helped if we know this to be a universal truth, although it is difficult to see where the one ceases and the other begins. He who does not know this may torment himself all his life about what is unattainable without coming near to the truth. But he who knows this, and is wise, will hold fast to the attainable, and while he takes possession of this region in every direction, and confirms himself in possession, will be able in this way even to wrest something from the unattainable, although he will confess that here he can make only a partial attainment, and that nature always has in the background something enigmatic, which human faculties are never able to fathom."

AUGUST 23. I found him at table with his son and Töpfer. "We hold the present in too slight esteem," said he, "do most things only as hirelings, to get rid of them. A daily summary of what has been accomplished and experienced first makes one aware of his doing and joyous in it; it leads to conscientiousness. What is virtue other than the really fitting to every condition? Faults and mistakes come to light of themselves in such a daily book-keeping: the illumination of the past serves

for gain in the future. We learn to value the moment if we at once turn it into history."

Sontag now became the subject of conversation, which took a very merry and humorous turn. He spoke of his poem to her, which could only be made clear through a second; that she possessed a really characteristic profile, expressing stubborn independence and a grand steadfastness to ideas, almost a Proserpine; but for once only, at a sudden turning of her face as she thought herself called upon to contradict something, had this profile come into prominent relief. "And it is just for this that I respect and love her," assured he, "not for the gracious affability and the coquettish *naïveté* of her bearing."

FRIDAY, Feb. 5. I was at Goethe's from half past four till six, part of the time with Ottilie. He was very animated, and we had much to say of the last court masquerade, which gave occasion to speak of the celebration of 1810. "My God!" said I, "that was twenty years ago." "Yes," replied he, "if time did not run away so swiftly it would be altogether too absurd. I have taken as the motto for my 'Morphology' those words in Job: 'He goeth by me, and I see him not; he passeth on also, but I perceive him not.'"

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 10. Speaking of magnetism and the Seeress of Prevorst, Goethe remarked, "I have guarded myself from my youth up against these things, and have let them run parallel with my own course without coming in contact. I do not indeed doubt that these wonderful forces exist in man's nature: yes, they must exist there, but they are called out in a false, often wicked, manner. Where I do not see clearly, cannot work with certainty, there is a sphere to which I am not called. I would never see a somnambulist."

SUNDAY, March 28. He had dined in his garden with Eckermann. He spoke of the "*Palingénésie Sociale*," which he called a weak work. "Such problems cannot be solved. What is meant by 'city of God'? God has no city, but a kingdom; no kingdom, but a world; no world, but worlds." He showed us his preparation of snails' heads, remarkable on account of their large eyes. Then the conversation turned upon comparative anatomy, and Goethe repeated what had been propounded in

his poem, "The Metamorphosis of the Animal Kingdom:" "God himself cannot make a lion with horns, because he cannot overthrow the laws recognized by himself as necessary."

"I have always studied nature and art in an entirely egotistic way, namely, for my own culture. I write upon them solely to perfect my own cultivation; what other people make out of it is all one to me."

JAN. 5, 1831. Goethe spoke of the letter of condolence from Massow, the Calbe merchant, and that written to Vogel, wherein he had expressed his gratitude to Goethe. "Yes, yes," said he, "there are good people, living here and there, who have been edified by my writings. He who has come to understand them, and especially my character, will be obliged to confess that he has attained a certain degree of inward freedom."

WOODEN LINKS.

THE infidel Voltaire, after spending a lifetime in abusing the Catholic Church, ridiculing its rites and ceremonies with the keenest edge of his wit; openly avowing his disbelief of its doctrines,—was offered upon his death-bed full forgiveness and absolution by the Pope if he would believe or assent to the Church creed. He refused. Poor Voltaire! his soul stained with the vices and immoralities of that licentious age in which the accident of birth had thrown him,—his life unfaithful to the laws of that great Spirit of Nature, whom in his better moments he recognized, and to whom he built and dedicated a church,—poor Voltaire offered forgiveness and full permission to enter heaven untarnished as any saint, if he would only retract his life-long teachings, and accept, with a mind enfeebled by sickness and bodily infirmity, what he could not but reject in his prime!

Had he retracted, the Christian Church would never have ceased to glory in his conversion. The Church is given to declaring that celebrated infidels retract upon their death-beds, not considering that what is done in the weak condition consequent upon disease never can offset the works of the strong hand, clear head, and stout heart. Suppose Sir Isaac Newton, enfeebled in body and weakened in mind, recanting upon his death-bed his writings upon gravitation! Or, without the need of a supposition, consider Galileo upon his knees before the Church tribunal, under fear of excommunication, retracting his theory of the earth's annual revolution! Would scores of retractions under such circumstances be evidence against their declarations while strong and free? The character of Voltaire appears in many respects unworthy of our admiration, and his deeds unworthy of our emulation, because the spring of his action was a feeling of spite and hatred toward the Romish Church, rather than a desire to set his fellow-men free from the slavery of creeds. Yet there is in that final scene in his death-chamber an example of noble manhood in refusing to surrender the convictions of his clearer moments to the monkish theology which offered to purify his vice-stained soul. Rather than betray honest thoughts, he would leave behind him a name dishonored and despised, and go down to the grave with no assurance of a resurrection among the just.

I have introduced Voltaire as an example of one *guilty*, as the Church calls it, of *unbelief*, but who could have washed away his sins — and doubtless they were many — by *believing*. We are often told by Christian divines that *unbelief* is the chief sin of the present age. Sacred and profane history are brought forward in proof of the terrible effects of unbelief upon the life of mankind. Death-bed scenes are depicted in which the unbeliever raves like a lunatic, curses his existence, and finally sinks into the jaws of death, to find himself on awakening — in hell! But no one has ever yet succeeded in discovering why men are prone to unbelief. It is deemed sufficient in most cases to ascribe it to hardness of heart and the too common depravity of human nature. If we do not believe, they tell us, it is because we do not wish to believe. Now the best authorities in mental

philosophy are agreed that belief—like memory—is independent of the human will. We cannot *will* to forget anything; neither can we *will* to believe anything. If the circumstance make a deep impression upon us, we remember it. If a statement be clearly proven to us, we believe it. If some of us believe on little evidence, and others require much, it is the result of our training in logic. And this calls to mind what I once heard an eminent doctor of divinity (orthodox, by the way) say to a graduating class in one of our western colleges. "I would rather," said he, "that my class in Sabbath school should study *Euclid* than *the Bible*."

The good doctor recognized the value of *clear reasoning*, but he would have been "churched" for such a declaration a few years since. If we miss finding the truth in our earnest search for it, it is not that God has hidden it jealously from our eyes, but because our lack of logical reasoning prevents us from finding it. In our chain of logic not all the links are sound. We take as evidence what does not really deserve the name. When we were children we believed almost anything which was told us, because we had not yet learned to doubt. Faith gilded the chain, and we did not discover until later in life that some of its links were wooden and would not bear the strain required of them. Many of us are still children, believing upon insufficient-testimony. But persons of different degrees of education and culture must necessarily differ in their belief from this before-mentioned cause,—i.e., they are convinced upon different degrees of evidence.

Should a Roman Catholic be asked why he believes Christ died for him, he gives, as good and sufficient evidence to him, the teachings of the Church. Should a Protestant be asked the same question, he gives as his reason the teachings of the Bible. Ask a Liberal why he *dis*-believes that the "blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," and he will tell you that the evidence is not sufficient; that an iron link is wanting in the chain of logic which the Catholic and Protestant have supplied with a wooden, that breaks if any strain be put upon it. The Catholic's wooden link is his Church's infallibility; the Protestant's, the infallibility of his Bible. Go where we will, from Persia to

Peru, from the books of Moses to the Book of Mormon, the same wooden links are found to snap, and whole chains of sophistry fall to the ground under the weight of true argument.

It is only recently that civilization has been able to snatch from ignorant bigotry the torch lighted for the fagot-pile of the bold thinker who dared to question the theological authorities of the day. There lacks only the *power* to apply the thumb-screw or the rack to restore the Inquisition in Catholic, Protestant, or Liberal Christian form. And the narrowness of brain consequent upon the exclusion of reason from religion is only equaled by the unkindness of heart which results from the beastward stepping of mankind.

A Christian minister of great zeal for his church is said to have replied to one who doubted the authenticity of "the scheme of salvation," "Why, sir, even if I thought the whole fabric of salvation rested on a falsehood, yet would I counsel men to cling to its hopeful and comforting doctrines!" Now did that man lack faith in the eternal principles of truth, that he would urge dying men to cling to a possible rope of sand, or did he lack the logical mind that would have said, "Perish, scheme of salvation! Perish, every petted dogma of Christianity! I cling only to truth! Probably, in running back over the long chain of Christian evidences, he was unable to distinguish the wooden from the iron links.

The Popish curé with Voltaire's last breath surrendered the unbeliever into the hands of the devil to all eternity, because he did not believe the revelation of God to man through Church and Bible. The Popish curé had never dared to doubt either. Voltaire had coolly and calmly examined the claims of both and decided for himself. "This is not God's church; this is not God's word. God never contradicts himself." The wooden link here was the assertion of the priest. Voltaire put the strain of reason on it and it broke.

Men will become infidels and remain infidels, in the usual acceptance of the term, unless evidence of sufficient weight is brought up to convince them of the divine claims of Catholic, Protestant, or Liberal Christianity. Men will probably damn one another for unbelief as long as they are ignorant of correct

methods of reasoning ; but the divine principle above embodies a clearer mental philosophy, which will be theirs when reason regains her rightful sway among them. Doubtless a substitution of Euclid for Paul during the middle ages would have saved the lives of thousands of martyrs ; and had the Church taught geometry as rigorously as she has the dogma of the Incarnation, the masses of Europe would not now be under the foot of king and priest.

To some people the works of Jesus are proofs of his divinity : to others they are proofs of his humanity. It is related on one occasion that Jesus, by a few words, withered a fig-tree. No one saw it done except Jesus and a few obscure men who made no record of it, nor was the story incorporated into the book where we now find it until thirty or forty years after its occurrence. There are a thousand chances of its being untrue ; yet millions of Christian men and women, with God-given reasoning powers, receive it as unquestionable truth. Now it is also related in profane history that when the body of Saint Zenobio was removed from San Lorenzo to the great cathedral at Florence, the coffin, by chance, rested against a withered elm that stood in the Grand Plaza, and the tree was immediately restored to life. Florence was at that time a large and populous city, one of the most enlightened in Europe. The miracle took place in the most public place in the city, in the midst of a great throng of citizens who witnessed the budding leaves. Cotemporary historians recorded the event, and a marble column stood until recently upon the spot, upon which was inscribed the wonderful legend. Yet consider the throngs of believers to the Bible story of the withered fig-tree, and the scattering few who under the cloud of superstition receive the story of the Florence elm resuscitated by the contact of Zenobio's coffin. But we of this late day might doubt and question either were it not that the stigma of disgrace rests upon him who would thus rudely snap the wooden links of theological evidence. It was Lessing, I think, who said, "Miracles which I *see* are one thing, and miracles which I do not see are quite another." It is necessary to sift our evidence, and every generation must have its own proper sieve. Conservative Unitarianism contents itself with certain views of

Christ and the Bible which it retained when, in its careful sifting of dogmas, it protested against orthodoxy. Radical Unitarianism, in sifting again and again, finds still more chaff. The Conservative looks with dismay on the new heap of rejections, and mourns over the *good wheat* thrown away by the careless Radical. But who shall say that the "coming man" will not screen again our most cherished beliefs, and find smut and chaff what we treasured as precious grain. An East Indian king was told by a Christian missionary that in his country water became solid at certain seasons of the year and could be walked upon. He would not believe it. The evidence was not sufficient. Is it astonishing that he also doubted when the missionary told him that Jesus walked upon water that was *not* solid? He had bathed in the rivers of his tropical country, and knew that walking upon its surface was an impossibility. Had the Indian king been less of a logician, he would have believed either story on the missionary's word alone. How large a portion of the Christian world believe pages and volumes on the very evidence rejected by this pagan thinker. Logic—clear reasoning—saves the pagan world from conversion to Christianity, while missionaries and Bible societies mourn the blindness of unregenerate heathenism. Societies for the teaching of correct reasoning would invite from every nation on earth, from every religious system under heaven, missionaries to preach to us the gospel of Free Thought.

The substitution of Euclid for Paul in the class-meeting, as suggested by the doctor of divinity before-mentioned, would lead to a more intelligent understanding of our duty and destiny; would free us from many an error and folly, and save us from the stupidity of promulgating our conglomerate theology among thoughtful pagans.

D. G. INGRAHAM.

THE REORGANIZED REPUBLIC.

EDITOR OF THE RADICAL:

If not from your own, so sweeping a programme for Progress as this article embraces, can receive a thoughtful consideration from the readers of no American Journal. To them the fact that it is radical should prove no objection.

While the chief aim of THE RADICAL is, the development and refinement of the religious consciousness, the scope of this sketch is purely political. Yet there is a propriety in sending to you, because the religious sentiments, though in rank superior to the simply *conscientiously* moral, presuppose morality for their base. Burglars are not apt to be devout or adorational. Whatever tends to destroy morality therefore is to religion also a foe. Unless it may have been slavery, or now is the power of corporate Capital, no organized influence has ever existed in any land more demoralizing in its effects upon the people, than has grown out of our universally elective and loosely regulated appointative systems for officering the several governments of America, since the practical maxim of "politics" became, "To the victor belong the spoils." Through its simulated representativism of form, so powerful has "Politics" become — that system of organized proscription for opinion's sake, made vital as virulent by its methodism for plunder — that its extirpation is practicable in no way so well, as by a radical reorganization of all our governments in order to secure for the nation a *form* of Republicanism, adapted alike to our present necessities, to our destined absorption of the continent, and our possible embracement of the world.

When, under our *present* forms of Republicanism, we see that despite of their better wishes voters are often obliged to act with political parties as if they cared less for the common weal, and even for justice, than for a partizan victory; when we see ruffianism rising to rule the cities in proportion to their growth in political and monetary power, as in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, while everywhere the cities, by more rapid growth than the rural districts, are rapidly gaining the sway of their states; when we see Protestant bigots (supposing themselves more numerous than Catholics) insisting on the reading of the Bible in the public schools, and thereby affording demagogues a pretext for favoring State aid to religious schools, wherein the authority of a church is assumed (if not taught) to be su-

perior to that of the state ; when we see so far shrunken the reverence of the people for the government itself, as the august upholder of order, security, and law, that Vigilance Committees deservedly command greater confidence and respect ; when we see private corporations plundering property owners and the government besides for their own prodigious enrichment, as if railroad building, either with or without a majority vote of people most of whom pay no taxes, could convert such robbery into righteousness ; when we see, not merely State Legislatures but the Congress of the nation itself, if not selling themselves to such corporations, certainly obeying their behests, on the one hand granting Bonds by the hundred thousand and million, and on the other whole empires of land hitherto the refuge of the world's poor from the exactions of the rich, and of the oppressed from the despotisms of thrones ; when we see our state courts of law, as if in alliance with venal law-makers, obedient to the dictates of political cliques and corporation kings ; when we find our liberty to travel and trade, shorn by railroad rates which even the nation creating and protecting the companies cannot moderate ; when we see a lecherous politico-religious hierarchy in both theory and practice treat woman as a mere breeder of population and servile appurtenance of a household, while the nation is powerless to prevent it ; when we see this same armed conspiracy against human rights and foe to the spirit of the age (resorting to terror instead of to honorable wooing for the winning of women, and to midnight murder to be rid of those who obstruct its leaders' aims) with impunity deriding the baffled authority of the nation upon the nation's soil ; when, elsewhere, we see mutilating lawlessness and cowardly crime trampling on the liberty of American citizens, and destroying personal security in a whole tier of so-called republican states, maiming, banishing and murdering the very agents of the nation, and while fulfilling only beneficent official functions, and *solely for the crime of accepting national appointments within such states* ; when we see such a malignant development of violence to be concerted, organized, oath-bound, and put forth with the undisguised aim of placing in national authority those yet unhung human fiends who fanned the fires of the first rebellion as now they are kindling the second, whose creed is *in-equality* of human rights, whose purpose is the Nation's sunderment, whose viper vow is, Vengeance on northern victors and all their friends,—when we see all these things, succeeding as they do the terrible sacrifices in gold, blood, and the devastations of a civil war, under whose financial burdens still we groan, that man is worse than purblind who *will* not see our *great* overshadowing need — and

the world's—is less mere constitutional amendments to cover even important points of right, than it is, a thorough reorganization of all our governments, so that all the people will become the sure masters instead of the certain victims of legislation, while the executors of law will gain that efficiency which now they lack (and yet the *chief* executive be shorn of despotic powers), and the whole frame of the government and its every fibre will attain an economy utterly impossible under that perpetual change of all our officers, which now characterizes America scarcely less than do the conflicting claims of authority which grow out of (interlacing or) cōextensive jurisdictions of municipal, state, and national governments. In one word, the time again has come, as in 1861 it first appeared, when, if we would in reality secure to ourselves and to posterity, justice, safety, law, and liberty, instead of mere hollow legal forms abortive for real protection against actual violence, we must found anew our great Republic; and in all its minor parts so well and wisely plan it, not simply for self-government but for *self-acting* self-government, that it will win as perfect a home affection, trust, and pride, as, when viewed from abroad as a single whole, by its simplicity in moral majesty and grandeur in colossal might, without offensive arrogance it will awe the world no less than inspire mankind.

The most important feature of such reorganization must be, *the utter abolition of every subordinate State Government*, with it, of course State taxation and State representation in the Senate.

Next, the redemption and preservation of the public lands for actual settlers, and by constitutional prescription.

Next, the extirpation of the whole brood of *office-seeking* politicians, and the creation of an ennobling school of politics, by confining elections to legislative officers and the President, by rule *promoting* minor ministerial officers to fill vacancies, and by *regulated* appointment supplying simply honest and capable persons for the lowest positions vacated by promotion.

Next, a comprehensive and liberal uniform system of national education.

Next, such a constitution of Congress as would afford a *proper* class representation in legislation.

Next, a wise system for *minority* representation in each branch of legislation.

Next, maintenance of security and peace, and the enforcement of law by National Officers. The costs of so doing, in each congressional district to be assessed against and collected from the property of the district the year following the outlay by the nation.

Next, National conduct of COMMUNICATION, embracing the mails, money orders, telegraphing, and passenger conveyance; also, such a national regulation and ownership of railroads and highways, as will attain excellence and security on the one hand, and on the other low rates of transportation or tolls.

Lastly, such a self-adjusting system of Custom House imposts on goods of foreign manufacture, as will prevent our country from being drained of gold, as though its world-wide use as the basis of money did not render its home preservation in abundance and cheapness a necessity to the prosperity of all classes alike.

PRESERVATION OF LAND FOR SETTLERS.

Not only have corporations become the owners of large tracts of land, but private individuals have likewise. They are under no obligation to sell at Government rates. They generally pay almost no taxes upon their land. They will soon be able to exert as dictatorial a political power over their tenantry as foreign lords abroad. But one step is yet needful to give them political omnipotence. That step is, the alienation from the government of its remaining lands, and if not to themselves, to others with kindred interests if possible, though to others would answer. There yet belongs so much to the nation, that if further sales and donations which do not require immediate settlement and improvement can be stopped, the poor will still have a refuge for independence under the pre-emption and homestead law, and taxation of private lands at their true values will necessitate the speedy subdivision and sale of lands now held for private speculation, and therefore at low rates. But if liberty without lawless self-protection is to rule America, an immediate stop must be put to the wholesale disposition of public lands, either by gift or sale, to any one *not* for immediate settlement. It must be done by a constitutional change, for the appetite of land-sharks, already whetted by the blood of millions of acres, and the political power they have already acquired over ordinary legislation are such, that so long as *possible* under the Constitution, they will gormandize upon the people's inheritance, and if necessary create more threatening issues temporarily to eclipse the care of the people for a wise land policy, that they may gorge by gigantic plunder, while the people are engrossed possibly even in the preservation of national existence, as did the Pacific railroads, whose plan to plunder the nation of its nominal loans is already detected, and by even the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate pronounced perfectly entrenched behind principles sacred in law.

THE ABOLITION OF THE STATES.

To this, sooner or later, the nation must come or perish. So long as the existence of states *within* the nation is acknowledged as now, just so long may an honest difference of view exist as to the relative *rights* of the state and nation; and by consequence, just so long will a germ for rebellion be kept vital, needing only occasion, incentive, and money to become formidable.

Originally a confederation of colonies, by independence became States, when they and their inhabitants "united," so far as the grammar of the constitution can prove it, the American Union was first framed for a *partial* nationality. That was all the sentiment of the time would justify. But *under* the Union, aided by foreign wars, the sentiment of nationality outgrew grammar, though never till the first fatal shot on Sumter did that sentiment reach perfection and maturity. Then it ripened. When the national Capital was beleaguered, surrounded and severed from the nation, that matured feeling crystallized to solid resolution. At Bull Run, the nation's stung pride rose rampant, and from that hour not only was slavery doomed, but in the hearts of the people the perfected solid sentiment of nationality became aggressive and uncompromising.

Till then America had need for State Governments. Thereafter it had none. In that hour loyalty to both state and nation, not only became a revealed absurdity, which the South as plainly perceived as the North, but the constitutional prohibition of state alliances and confederations, in the living presence of organized and nationally recognized states was seen to be a mere verbal phantom. Since, states have been but burdensome nuisances, perilous alike to individual liberty and to the national existence. Merely the scaffolding of Providence for the erection of a grander political edifice — the National Republic — when states, confederate for revolt, by evanescent victory filled the hearts of the people within that finished edifice with a perfected *sentiment* of deathless nationality, the time had come for building-poles, planks, and outer gangways to disappear. But politicians — heaven's scourges to America for proscriptive stupidity — loving the lumber whereon they had so often climbed through the nation's windows into high seats above the people, feigned worship for the scaffolding. They called it "sacred," and held up their hands to heaven, while trembling foreign foes, secretly rejoicing, fanned the foolish fears of friends at home, and together they responded, "*Sublimely* sacred." And so still stands about time's fairest political temple, Heaven's scaffolding of

states ; while from half a million hero graves, to the ear of loyalty and the lover of self-government, there comes one united voice saying, "The Constitution write anew. Write it for all time and every nation. Blot from its text the States our blood wiped out. Write them as things of use that were but may no longer be. Write the Nation not divided but braced by continental mountain chains ; not severed but united by rivers that blend the zones. Write State lines, for years broken by canals and railroads and long bridged by super-state legislation, each year alike for personal safety and the wants of trade more needful to be made universally uniform, write them completely washed away by the bloody deluge which bore us to the unseen land of boundless breadth. Write in the new letter of the law the people's *latest* will. Found it for Immortality, and write the Republic ONE."

America will heed the silent voice of her martyred dead.

In the hearts of the people of 1871, the Union even in *part* is no longer a union of States ; nor should it longer be in legality or letter. Dearer than ever to the American heart, it is so now, solely as a union of the *people* for the security of each, for the common weal of all, and for the the fullest conceivable nationality, and that eternal. No longer *necessities* to the people, either real or supposed, but on the contrary hindrances, States *within* the Nation are but costly burdens bearable only till they can be legally abolished. They have no functions which cannot be far better fulfilled by the Republic, uniformly, throughout her whole domain. Their abolition is Freedom's dictate, and the Nation's first necessity. Till their death is decreed never can we attain that economical security in peace which is essential to the permanence of any Nation in prosperity. And *when* we ordain this, all other benefits will follow by consequence.

PROMOTIVE APPOINTMENTS TO OFFICE.

The time is past when any argument is necessary to prove that neither a political convention, nor a president, nor a senator, nor any other political magnate or clique are *entitled* to the fealty of American officers. Yet amost powerful one exists in fact. The sole fealty of every American officer, high or low, should be to the people whose taxes pay him for his services. His sole *proof* of fidelity should be fidelity to the *law* prescribing his duties. The people are already convinced that political corruption in America, so far as state and municipal governments are concerned, roots in the nomination of officers by political conventions. Moreover they are equally well convinced that the political corruptions which pertain to the national Government,

root in the present arbitrary power of the President to remove minor ministerial officers at will, a power which he exercises more despotically than dare any monarch in all Europe. There is no single measure, unless it be the repeal of the income tax, more earnestly demanded by disinterested reflective people than the passage of some such law as Jenck's Civil-Service Bill ; and none therefore less popular with the pettier politicians ; which fact is proof positive that this reform must be put beyond the reach of mere legislation in the Constitution itself.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

So long as minor States exist, it might be a question whether they or the Nation should control education. Even in such a case every consideration of statesmanship dictates an exclusively national management, but if the States were wiped out completely, the only question could be, whether there should or should not be education at the public expense. Such a question could not now even be considered. Education is a confessed necessity, and equally so, that it should be furnished by the government. So far as children are concerned it should be compulsory on the part of parents and guardians. For adults, good evening schools should also be provided, and no election district should be destitute of national public buildings, in which good public libraries should be maintained, as well as halls for public lectures and meetings, the use of which could be obtained at a nominal cost.

CLASS REPRESENTATION IN LEGISLATION.

Though distinct representation in the legislature to any *artificially* created class should never be tolerated in a Republic, nor indeed any such classes themselves, it is almost as grave an error to *refuse* distinct representation to natural and ever-existing classes, between whom no impassable barriers exist, provided there is a liability to antagonism of interest or prejudice between them. When such antagonisms are likely, if each class is armed with an effective representation in legislation, violence will not be resorted to ; but it will become a necessity that the *just* demands of each class shall be recognized in law. Without such a representation, if the law happens to be framed with favoritism toward either class, the whole power of the government is converted into an oppression of the *un-favored* class, and by impairing the *respect* of the people for itself, the government but prepares the way for its own overthrow.

Though there is no intrinsic antagonism between Capital and Labor,

but on the contrary each is essential to the other's prosperity, yet capitalists and laborers, by the cupidity of the one class or the necessities of the other, often find themselves arrayed in hostility one to the other, and now the law always supports capitalists and crushes laborers. Again, the views and wishes of the educated and of the ignorant often are so different as to excite ill feelings. Moreover every community till time shall end *will* embrace the natural classes of poor and rich, the educated and the ignorant. And as the function of every government is; wisely to protect *personal* rights, and in addition afford to *property* due security, legislation should be committed to three legislative bodies, viz. : To one representing the *personal* rights of the people, wholly irrespective of either educational or property qualifications ; to a second, representing a distinct class, those who have educated themselves to a sensible point to be determined by law ; to a third, representing those who have acquired homesteads, or who pay taxes on real estate of their own in excess of a sum to be prescribed by law.

At first, objection will be made to a *third* legislative body. But when we reflect that the chief executive and those with whom he counsels relative to the approval or veto of laws, in *reality* constitute a legislative body, it will be seen that the present *in-formality* of such a body only needs to be made *formal* in the constitution, to give us the third house, whose legislative functions should *consist* in wielding the veto power, which should not be continued to the President. Such a body, clothed also with the power of impeaching minor executive officers for cause to be tried by a central Court of Impeachment, might properly be termed the Executive Council, and consisting of but a few members, each representing extensive sections of the national domain, should be constituted the exponent of property owners.

For election purposes the national domain should be divided into about two hundred congressional districts, in such a way as to give (as nearly as practicable) to equal numbers of the people in diverse sections of the land, the same congressional representation.

Five congressional districts combined, should constitute a Senatorial District, with one representation in the Senate ; and five senatorial districts combined should constitute an Executive District, each entitled to a representation in the Executive Council.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

Many expedients have been suggested to secure minority representation, but the simplest and best is one by which the candidate of each

political party would invariably be elected, and the rule of the majority would be secured by dividing the legislators into three classes, having different voting powers in legislation. The plan is as follows :

Each legislative district (made larger than now) would be represented by *three* legislators. Each voter (as now) would cast but one vote. The candidate receiving the greatest number of votes would belong to the *first* class, and in legislation would cast *two* votes ; the candidate receiving the *next* highest vote would belong to the *second* class, and cast *one* vote in legislation ; while the next highest candidate would belong to the *third* class, and with *no* vote would nevertheless be entitled to a voice in legislation. All should receive equal pay.

To preserve to legislators their real representative character, and to prevent them from becoming (as now) the temporary independent *lords* of the people, they should be liable to removal, before the expiration of their terms, by a special vote of the people to be provided for by law. Yet to prevent frequent interruptions to business men, by private malice or by political proscriptiveness, simply *not* voting on such occasions when *entitled* to vote should be counted as voting in favor of the retention of the incumbent till the expiration of his term.

Under the system herein outlined, the only vacancies to be filled by periodical elections would be legislative ones. Consequently no nominations would be possible except for such posts. And as legislative nominations would always *insure* election to the candidates of *all* parties, so great a competition and rivalry among candidates would ensue (for *combinations* such as now characterize conventions when *numerous* offices of different kinds are to be allotted, would be impossible) that in the smaller legislative district nominations would be made not only by conventions but by the direct votes of party voters at nominating elections.

While, therefore, the proposed change would greatly modify if not abolish the Political Convention for *nominating* purposes, it would not interfere with their assembling for the really useful purpose of determining authoritatively the immediate policy of the party.

Conventions for nominating senators, and members of the Executive Council, and President, might assemble in the larger electoral districts, but as neither the Senator, Councilman nor President would have any official "patronage" to bestow, the only corruption which could enter such conventions would be the naked crime of bribery with gold, from which, when not disguised, the masses would revolt ; or if not, would be liable to detection, exposure, and punishment. The nominations

of such conventions would therefore be comparatively pure, attending delegates would be of the better class, and naturally the noblest rather than the meanest of men would be put forward to represent the party.

CHARGING HOME THE COSTS.

If the principle were incorporated in the constitution, of making a disorderly district liable for all the costs of preserving order, either the property owners of each district would instantly bestir themselves to quench disorder in its rise, and insist on *locally* punishing violence severely, or else it would result in taxation to forfeiture of property in disorderly districts, and without the odium of *arbitrary* confiscation, but by the self-acting provisions of law, would afford the Nation an opportunity of replacing the inveterately lawless with citizens who *would* preserve the peace, though so doing should involve the extirpation of those who persist in conduct which constitutes them outlaws.

NATIONAL REGULATION OF COMMUNICATION AND ARTIFICIAL HIGHWAYS.

It is already a consciousness of the people, that exorbitant fares on railways and other thoroughfares, in effect prevent freedom of intercourse only less effectually than could bars or chains. It is becoming yet more apparent that no private corporation can be permitted to exist, whose wealth is excessive, and whose field of operations is extensive. The inevitable result of prodigious corporate wealth is, the perversion of the state to oppression and wrong for the corporation's benefit. Railroads already rule the states and they begin to sway the Nation yet in its infancy. Their private property, — both their franchises and their possessions — should be "taken for public use," constitutionally "compensating" them therefor, not at their *own* valuation, but at their *true* values; and their land grants should be regarded simply as incentives and appurtenances of the roads to be forfeited *with* them. Extortion on public highways is no less highway robbery when systemized and limited, than when a band of ruffians with weapons extort *all* the money a traveler possesses in order to be allowed to pass. Railways have become highway robbers and State legislatures simply their shot-guns. Their domination must be ended, and far better by peaceable than by violent means; but better by violence than not at all. Americans must be free, and iron chains are no more truly manacles than golden legal fetters. No longer the people, but corporations must be chained. The only railway company in America should be the People's Government.

PROTECTION OF THE PEOPLE IN MONEY AND WAGES.

From 1859 to 1861, nearly a thousand million dollars in gold were produced within the United States. Yet when the Rebellion broke out, so little of it remained in the country that paper money to prosecute the war had to be created, and ever since the money of the Nation has been of a kind which can be used nowhere else. Moreover in many parts of the land interest is so high and capricious as to forbid the simplest manufactures. If the gold product of the Nation were accumulated in American coffers, and other products of the country were sent abroad in payment of imports, the world's money would here soon so abound that overflowing from the great cities no part of the land would be destitute, and enterprises of a hundred diverse kinds would be entered into, giving employment to labor to such an extent as materially to increase wages, and with it the general prosperity. An abundance of cheap money is as essential to the freedom and prosperity of Trade and Industry, as cheap lands, travel, and transportation themselves are to growth in wealth; and though no single *class* of citizens can of right claim for themselves an *especial* protection, ALL the people have a right to demand of their government that protection in money which alone can be secured by some self acting system of Custom House imposts which will prevent the exportation of gold, especially when such protection rewards all *creators* of wealth without injuring home traders.

"Impracticable," "Revolutionary," "Wild," are the terms which many will apply to the scheme in this paper blocked out; but they who rightly measure the magnitude of impending evils will admit that precisely such a revolutionary scheme is demanded by the times. That though with the multitude it should provoke but a passing smile, when once again the trumpet of war shall summon freemen from their looms and anvils, and the drum-beat of the nation imperiled, shall bid our sturdy plowmen forsake their half-struck furrows, as once more they man the nation's batteries or patrol the midnight sentry watch, remembering as holy visions faded the homes where they left all they love in life save their country, this dream of good may return to them as less a picture than a prophecy, and what they once smiled over as impracticable may then reappear as a revelation of Heaven for heroic attainment, and thenceforth their voices with their votes will demand for the Republic redeemed a constitution worthy of its continental name and an excellence from which shall spring its immortality.

CONRAD WIEGAND.

Virginia City, Nevada, April 17, 1871.

THEODORE PARKER IN HIS SOCIAL RELATIONS
AND LETTERS.

EDITOR OF THE RADICAL:

I was interested by the third article of your May number, containing extracts from unpublished letters of Theodore Parker, by our friend Higginson. They at once suggested the large file of similar letters which I have in my desk (some forty or fifty), so full of the peculiar force and idiosyncrasy of the man, so marked by the social element and friendly feeling which was so characteristic of him, that I can no longer withhold some reference to them, though, on account of their earnest personal character, I could hardly deem them appropriate for the volumes which John Weiss put forth a few years ago under the title of "Theodore Parker's Life and Correspondence." (I think but three of his letters to me are therein published.) The fact is, Parker was by no means the mere cynic, the cold stoic and iconoclast he was thought to be by most persons. He was full of the kindest feeling and the most tender affections. He had a large and generous humanity. His heart had all the tenderness of a woman's. I see it glistening on every leaf of his correspondence, like dew-drops on a rose-bush, in all the notes and letters I had from him, as I have seen it in the half-suppressed tears of sympathy in his eye, when I have met him face to face, in his house or mine, on any event of friendly interest, and as I have often felt it in the earnest grasp of his honest hand. These amenities of his nature have been too much and too often overlooked while the majority of people were getting startled only by the forces of his religious intellect. Most of your readers are aware that my own relations to him, professionally, were peculiar in consequence of an exchange of pulpits with him in the fall of 1844, while he was pastor of a church in West Roxbury, I being then, as a "minister at large," in charge of the Suffolk-Street Stone Chapel in this city, under the auspices and support of the "Unitarian Fraternity of Churches." This exchange being offensive to said "Fraternity," on account of Mr. Parker's theological position and heresy as a denier of miracles, I was constrained to vacate my place and pulpit, and had determined to have a free pulpit or none, and so I have taken my portion of outlawry ever since. But see how generously Parker viewed the case, and with what kindness he pleaded with me on the issue of my so retiring. In a letter addressed to me soon after this event, under the date of Dec. 18,

1844, in answer to mine announcing the resignation of my office, he says, —

My dear Brother :

Thanks for your letter, which I am now *hot* with reading ! But you *must not* leave those "few sheep in the wilderness." *You must not !* With whom *can* you leave them ? No ! no ! Have no superstition, such as you express, about injuring the good cause of a ministry to the poor, or hurting the feelings of the "Fraternity of Churches." Take a hall, and preach to such as come. I think you can do nothing better, nothing half so good as to continue to preach to the men you have so attached to you. They look to you for help in time of trouble. "The hireling fleeth when he seeth the wolf coming ; but the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Putnam said, yesterday, he did not see the necessity of your resigning. I do, and the necessity of your continuing with your old friends. But what do I say ? I have no authority to advise any one, least of all one who so well knows his duty himself. I only fear that you are too sensitive and have a superstition about injuring *the cause*, while *I* think you will injure it by deserting the "*little ones*," and so causing them to offend. Believe me most heartily yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

Now in all this eloquent pleading he forgot or overlooked the fact that my position was exceptional and peculiar ; that the congregation to whom I had been preaching was a congregation of the dependent *poor* of the city, an assemblage incompetent to the support or payment for a separate hall of worship, however inclined so to do, and however attached they might be to their pastor : consequently there was no alternative left me, but either to conform to the exclusive conditions of the aforesaid "Fraternity" as regarded Mr. Parker, or to vacate my position and office. But the old saying, that "an ill wind indeed it must be which blows *no one* any good," found verification certainly in the crisis which thus brought Theodore Parker to the city of Boston as one of its clergymen ; for, as you know, by the acclamations and trumpets of all the friends of free thought, an indignation meeting was called and a resolution was passed that "Rev. Theodore Parker *should* have a chance to be heard in Boston. Hence came "The Twenty-eighth Congregational Society," which has ever since continued to centralize the freest of religious thought and ministration.

Take another extract from one of Parker's sympathetic letters, under the date of Jan. 13, 1845.

Pray don't be troubled about your troubles. I cannot think they will last. I feel sadly enough that I have innocently been the cause of any disquietude to you. Had there been no Parker, you had not got into this trouble.

And again, on the 30th, a long letter, in which he says, —

My dear Friend and Brother :

I should be very recreant to my own inward promptings if I did not tell you how much my heart feels moved towards you of late, and how much I feel grieved at your troubles. For *my own* I never cared much. They pass by me as the wind. I open a book, I walk in the fields ; they fall off from me as though I shook the loose snow from my hat, and trouble me no more. My dreams are sweet as a boy's, so calm and untroubled. But it gives me great grief and pain that I have unwittingly brought *you* into trouble. What can I do to help you ? I know not. If I were to *write* in your defense you might say, "*Non tali auxiliis*," and I should do you more harm than good. It would be regarded as if the devil should come out and defend Job from those excellent friends who fastened upon him in *his* misfortunes ! I can, indeed, give you my *sympathies*. You *have* all those, rich and abundant, in admiration of your spirit, decision, gentleness," &c.

So he goes on, and then, a little later, he writes, —

My dear Sargent :

Never doubt that I am heartily grateful for all the manifold kindnesses you have done me, and for all the shame you have borne for my sake, from professional associates and family connections. How long have I had reasons to feel under great obligations to you. You were a "friend indeed" at a time when many who *thought* even as you did forsook me and fled. I know how much your fidelity to your own sense of right has cost you in your social and other relations. I know that it has demanded a sacrifice, and the sacrifice has been cheerfully and manfully made. Time tries men, and the last ten years have witnessed some remarkable convictions. "*Guilty of treason against nature and her God*," is the verdict which many a man has passed upon himself in our good city of Boston. I have wished to send you, as I do, my book just published, as a slight token by which I would express my gratitude to you for your personal fidelity to your own convictions. If those convictions had led you to *oppose* me as zealously as you have *befriended* me, I hope I should have had the same respect for your fidelity. But it would not have been quite so pleasant to express it as it is now. Believe me truly your friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

Your readers will doubtless pardon this "exposé" of what might, under other circumstances, seem very much like vanity in me, this setting forth of Parker's friendly utterances, so anxious am I to do away with that impression, so often flung out about him, that he had no heart, no friendly or fraternal affinities, none of the "milk of human kindness." I know better. The common impression in regard to him, I doubt not, was that he was all brain, with naught of the affectional ;

cold-hearted, indifferent and stoical as to all social relations and sympathies, with no sense of the more tender obligations of friendship, immersed as he was in the frigid abstractions of philosophy and theology. Nothing can be more unjust. Indeed, after such extracts as we have presented from his familiar correspondence, illustrating his warmth of heart, no one can fail to see the truth of what Mr. Higginson affirms in the opening of his article, that "no man ever put his whole self into what he wrote more heartily than did Mr. Parker." Then again in another part of the same article it is said, "He never appeared to more advantage than with children." True! How often, in my own home, have I seen him fondling the little ones with all the tenderness and affection of a loving father or elder brother, entering into their sports and amusements, sharing in their instruction, participating in whatever seemed to interest them. So winning were these sympathetic interviews, that often, after he had gone away, my little boys were wont to inquire, earnestly, as for an absent playmate, "Father, when is Mr. Parker coming again?" Now, these may seem but light matters, but they are worth noting as illustrative of the fact that the profound and sober theologian is not necessarily an indifferent companion. They are but familiar incidents and facts going to show that the great man could unbend, — that he was no frigid abstraction nor self-conceited bigot, but could as well wield, according to the needs of the hour and its relations, the pleasantries and playthings of the parlor, as the battle-axe of reform. His was, indeed, a rare tenderness of heart, a largeness and a breadth of charity, a cheerfulness and a comprehensiveness of sympathy such as is but seldom seen united with that theological championship and that iconoclastic energy of purpose which so distinguished him. That we may have more of such combinations of power and love is the earnest prayer of

JOHN T. SARGENT.

A NEW GOSPEL LESSON FROM THE APPLE-TREES.

A MAY SUNDAY IN NATURE'S SANCTUARY.

SUNDAY morning, May 13, 1870, dawned upon me in the country. Wearied with the excessive labors of several more than usual busy weeks, I took advantage of a slackening of business on Saturday to leave the stone and brick scenery of the great city for the green and blossom-clad hills and valleys of northern Westchester County. The iron horse soon took me beyond sight or sound of its artificial life and clatter. The change was delightful.

After a night of refreshing slumber, I was awakened by the singing of the birds to look upon one of the most glorious mornings I ever beheld. The sun was appearing above a cloudless horizon. The atmosphere was warm, and as clear as crystal. The grassy carpet which covered the fields seemed unusually beautiful. The trees, with their half-developed leaves slightly waving in the gentle breeze, seemed to beckon me to come out to meet them; while the apple-blossoms in mid bloom, more profuse, I thought, than I had ever before seen them, reflected in many hues the sunlight as they waved a second to the call.

Charmed by the prospect, and the overflowing inspirations of melody from the myriads of winged songsters, I wandered for a time in absorbed contemplation, till the breakfast-bell called me to the duty of nourishing the physical man.

I found the friends, inspired by the scene, had so delayed the morning repast that now they were hurrying to make ready in time for church.

Breakfast was soon finished, the horses harnessed, and the friends, arrayed in their bright, clean, spring clothing, started. But I did not go with them. The bells were loudly calling the church worshipers, but louder to me was the call of Nature's many-voiced harmonies, which said, "Come, join with us in this *diviner* worship."

My soul responded to the call, and, causing my feet to step time to this music, took me far away through the beauteous fields around me.

On the hill-tops, the leaves catching larger measures of the fragrant, inspiring breezes, waved more earnestly their beckonings, as if saying, "Come up and share it with us."

I ascended first one and then another, till many miles were passed, contemplating the ever-shifting panorama of beauty spread out to my view. A hundred hills and dales appeared to the eye, changing ever their relative positions to each other, in kaleidoscope-like groupings, as I changed my standpoint of observation, while far to the southward Long-Island Sound spread out its silver-like surface, reflecting the glories which earth and sky cast upon it.

As the divine love, which comes to the physical in the warmth, and the

divine wisdom, in the light, of the sunbeams, fell more and more fully and directly upon me, my soul was expanded and illumined with the spiritual warmth and light which accompany those rays. I breathed freely these inspirations, till a consciousness of immortality, and of my intimate relationship to the forms of beauty around, and to the great animating Soul of Nature, took such possession of my mind that for a time I forgot all else. My whole nature thrilled with the enthusiasm which seemed to inspire the birds, and I said to myself, It is good to be here,—this is *God's* temple, not made with hands: this is the gate of heaven. Any one viewing such a scene cannot fail to see through the illusion called death, and discover that an eternal life of love, wisdom, and goodness pervades and animates all things.

Then my thoughts reverted back to the great city beyond the southwestern horizon. The selfishness and wrong which so greatly prevail, swaying individuals and society, producing great crops of misery, came into my recollection, and with it the fact that the same unhappy condition existed, differing only in degree, in all human society, not excepting the beautiful country around me. A pang of wounded human sympathy and congealing aspiration shot through my being. A dark cloud passed over my spiritual horizon. A confused sense of great imperfection and wrong in humanity like a nightmare dream oppressed me, and my soul cried out to the parent soul, O divine Love and Wisdom! art thou indeed infinite? Why, then, while filling all else to overflowing with perfection and beauty, hast thou left man thus imperfect? Why, while all around is fragrant with love and sweetness, while the apple-trees fill the air with the perfume of their blossoms, does human nature *alone* produce such bitter fruits? Wert thy perfections so exhausted in producing these that *man* must be left deficient? Are all our aspirations doomed to disappointment? Are our capacities to see and appreciate these perfections only to make us more susceptible to pain in discovering our lack of them? Or, if thy goodness is equally embodied in humanity, oh, give me the light to see it as plainly!

A moment more and the cloud passed away. The light of truth beamed more brightly than ever, and the spiritual principles or laws of nature opened more clearly to my view. They spake in a grand chorus of voices from the apple-trees, saying, "Listen, and we will expound to you a chapter from the book of life,—the correspondence of our order of development with that of humanity."

I listened, and thus they spake: "Years ago each of the trees you now behold was a small seed or germ. In the womb of mother earth, nourished by her life-blood, we were enabled to develop an organism which could come forth into our own individuality of life. At first we were small and feeble. But we succeeded in sending forth our roots and branches into the soil and air, and grasping our needed nourishment. For many years we had no fragrance to offer you. We were of necessity selfish,—absorbed in the effort to develop and strengthen the instrument which was to unfold the life

within us. To-day *as trees* we are so far perfected, that, as the inspiring and expanding breath of spring reaches us, we can bloom for a brief time with the flowering promise of the fragrant fruit which is to be the ultimate of our life activities. But the blossoms which so delight your senses are not that fruit, — only a prophecy which the spring-time inspirations enable us to make of the work the summer, if favorable, will enable us to produce. A few days hence we must cast these off, and in their places you will find only hard, sour, bitter fruit, uncongenial to the taste, and injurious to health. The fruit, like the tree, must for a long time be entirely selfish, — must repel other life from it, and give all its energies to the task of maturing its own. And we, the trees, must give them all our assistance in their work. Nor can but a small proportion of these blossoms redeem the apparent promise of fruit. Many, defectively organized, with insufficient vitality to complete their organism, must drop and yield up their separate life. Such ones in their fall will often strike and injure or carry down better fruit which is badly situated with reference to it. If overcrowded with fruit, we can carry but part of it to maturity, and each must take much of the needed substance away from the others. If in improper soil, neglected, badly cultivated, or planted too thickly, we cannot afford nourishment sufficient to develop any of it properly, but must leave it all knurlly and defective.

“The short-sighted observer, judging the immature apples by the sensations and effects they produce when unwisely brought into contact with his vital organism, may adjudge them evil, and declare false the prophecy we make to-day; but the instructed intelligence which has learned to look over the summer before us, and read the law of our nature’s unfolding, will see that when the fruit has accomplished the work of self-development it will cease to repel with its selfish bitterness, and ripen into a fragrant, kindly, health-giving flavor, far superior to what the blossoms prophetically yield to-day. The law of self-preservation and expression then fulfilled in it, the higher one of self-abnegation predicted by the blossoms will be completely unfolded in the fruit, which will bestow only pleasure to your senses and health to your body, freely yielding up its life even to any who may need it.”

Thus the apple-trees expounded to me the divine word of life. I listened, learned; saw the principle, the law, saw its universality, and its applicability to all development, including man’s the individual and man’s the collective, or society. And I said, Thank God! the period of ripening will come to our race! Human nature bears not permanent fruits of bitterness any more than do these trees. Selfishness is first in the order of unfolding: fraternal love, self-sacrificing, self-forgetful, will be the fragrance of the ripened soul. Humanity too has its spring-time of prophecy, when the unfolding love blossoms out in a transient supremacy of fragrant aspirations, then casts its flowers that it may pursue the work of developing the selfhood, — of maturing the fruit. Great cities, like crowded or neglected trees, may hinder the naturalness of development, may increase these defects, and postpone, but cannot finally prevent the ripening.

My spirit expanded with gratitude to the divine Father and Mother as I thus recited the lesson just expounded to me. The chill to my human sympathies which the thoughts of human conditions had produced had given place to a warmer and freer flow of love and charity. I could now respect human nature even in its greenest stage of unfolding, could see that the periods of selfishness following those of spiritual promise are all right, not hypocrisy, or a law of evil and death, but truthfulness to the natural law of life's unfolding. Fraternal love was freed from prejudice. I no longer saw any one as unworthy of it. Creeds could not now shake this well-grounded religious faith. I could see heaven's gates wide open to all;—that there are no devils, but are developing angels, who, as soon as their natures are so unfolded as to see its beauties, and desire to, can enter. Joy and confidence now took the place of doubts and misgivings. Earth seemed spanned with a rainbow-tinted arch of glory. Jacob's ladder lay prostrate on the ground, no longer needed. The angels had all descended to dwell with us, to ascend above us no more.

As I wandered along, musing on the glorious lesson of Nature's gospel just taught me, I approached the road, and saw coming towards me the carriages of the church worshipers, who were now returning from their devotions, and I said, Oh, that *they* could see the full light of divine Nature, and hear this new gospel lesson,—this word of life! I will carry it to them. Surely they cannot fail to receive a measure of it.

I drew near, and saw as they approached me the faces of old neighbors, already clouded with dogmatic mists, cloud still more thickly, with an expression of mingled benevolence, pity, and fear. I understood it all. In younger days I had been on their standpoint. It was theologic solicitude for my soul, jeopardized as they supposed by my thus "desecrating the Sabbath." I spoke to one of them of the religious thoughts and aspirations the surrounding scene produced, thinking to help remove the dogmatic cloud from his mind; but I saw that the shadow on his face was deepened by perceiving that I sought God in nature rather than in the Bible and the church.

For a moment again a cloud of sadness partially covered my horizon as I saw my own fraternal love shock the developing fraternal love of my neighbor by its very effort to enliven and gratify it; and as with benevolent, pitying expression of countenance he passed, and I realized that it must be so, I inwardly exclaimed, O Spirit of Light and Life and Love! how shall I approach these my befogged brethren so as to help them on towards the purer light, instead of arousing to painful action their religious emotions?

The cloud passed, and the gospel lesson of the apple-tree answered, 'Tis not the full light of your truth they most need to-day, but the warmth of your love. Let it warm the atmosphere around them, and with the advancing summer the fogs of spring will scatter. Bestow *it* upon such departments of their natures as are developed enough to crave and to receive it. Gradually, as they grow, other avenues in their souls will open to you. Do not needlessly excite their prejudices, but leave them to sweeten and disappear with their soul's ripening process.

Then my soul, assenting, responded, Amen ! I will remember the lesson. *They* will ripen into the capacity to receive the truth I now behold. Not always looking at Nature through dogmatic mists, which allow but transient gleams of spiritual sunlight through their partial breakings, shall they in despairing piety sing, —

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe ;
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow :
There's nothing bright but heaven.

"False is the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even ;
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb :
There's nothing bright but heaven.

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way :
There's nothing calm but heaven."

The fog at length will pass from their horizon ; and, with eyes opened to the clear spiritual sunlight, with *this* glorious gospel lesson learned, with soul expanded and emotions sweetened by the love which *casts out* tormenting fear, with me they will sing, —

This world is not all fleeting show,
For man's illusion given :
Who feels his heart with love aglow,
Dispelling fear, begins to know
The true delights of heaven.

Who lives in Nature's gospel ray,
From morn till dewy even,
Beholding its sublime display
Of truth and beauty, well can say,
Earth hath the light of heaven.

Who looks with open eyes and mind
Whence blinding mists are driven,
And goblin fancies casts behind,
With joy unspeakable doth find
That this our earth is heaven.

CALEB S. WEEKS.

A LEGEND.

THE SECOND SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

THE eleven had returned into Galilee as the risen Master commanded. Daily he met them and taught them. One day he had promised to meet them on the mountain where he had told them, in the beginning of his mission, who were the blessed in his kingdom. As they ascended the mountain, suddenly they saw before them the form of their Master; but the cheeks and lips were colorless and the eye blazed like fire, and the disciples trembled, though they knew not wherefore. And he said, "Here I told you first of your Father in heaven. Verily, verily I say unto you, I am equal in power and authority with him: I and my Father are one. As he is God the Father, so am I God the Son." Then the disciples said, "Master, what sayest thou? Hast thou not called thyself the Son of Man? Hast thou not obeyed thy Father and prayed unto him? Saidst thou not at that supper, 'This is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent?' Saidst thou not to Mary Magdalene at the empty grave, 'I ascend unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God?'" But he answered and said, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see the things which ye see and have not seen them, and to hear the things which ye hear and have not heard them. Hitherto I have shared your weakness. I am indeed man, but I am God also; I am two natures in one body. I am very man and I am very God. Ye believe God the Father. I am God the Son. The Comforter is God the Holy Ghost: verily He shall come upon you and ye shall be filled with Him, not many days hence." Then the disciples said, "Are there three Gods?" He answered, "O ye of little faith, God is one. God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are one God. There is one Godhead. There are three persons therein. He therefore that will be saved must thus think of the Godhead. Go ye then and baptize all nations in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three in one." But the disciples were silent.

Again their guide answered and said, "Once I said unto you, Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth; blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled; blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God; blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Now I say unto you, blessed are they that believe there are three persons in the Godhead, for they are in the way of life; blessed are they that trust in my atoning blood only, for it shall wash away all their sins; blessed are they who trust in my righteousness alone, for it shall be imparted unto them; blessed are they who seek reconciliation with God through my atoning sacrifice, for them it is possible for God to pardon; blessed are they who

are received into my church, for they are in the kingdom of heaven ; blessed are they that believe thus, for they shall be called the children of God. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your true doctrines and glorify the three persons of the Godhead. Teach ye that all men are sinners, wholly wicked, entirely rebellious against God. In Adam's sin all men have sinned also. Yea, their natures are full of wickedness. All their actions are but sin continually. Verily the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, so that in every man born into this world it deserveth God's wrath and damnation. All men are at enmity with God. His wrath is upon them all. For all men are eternal torments prepared, save only such as I shall pardon."

Then the disciples murmured, "Didst thou not speak to us of both good and evil, both righteous and wicked?" But their teacher answered, "Hitherto have I spoken to you in parables ; now, I speak plainly unto you. He that believeth in my deity and my atoning sacrifice, he is good and righteous. In himself man can do nothing pleasing or acceptable to God. Without me ye can do nothing. He that believeth not in my deity and my atoning sacrifice, he is a sinner, and hell is prepared for him."

Then Philip said, "Master, why hast thou commanded good works, if they avail not? Why hast thou prophesied that at the last judgment thou wilt give eternal life to all who have fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and everlasting punishment to all who have not?" And their instructor said, "Are ye yet blind of eyes and slow of heart? Verily, good works cannot put away sin and endure the severity of God's judgments ; yet they are pleasing and acceptable to God, if so be that they are the fruits of the true faith. Ye have heard in this mountain that God was kind to the unthankful and the evil ; that He is your Father in heaven, who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain to the just and to the unjust. Now I say unto you, God is a judge, just and terrible. In this life he is patient and long suffering, but there is no forgiveness or pardon for the sinner in the life to come. Only in this life can sin be forgiven. And even in this life can it not be forgiven save to him for whom an infinite atonement is made. A ransom must be made for man. He must suffer, or some one else must suffer in his stead. I have suffered ; I have borne all the penalty of all men's sins upon the cross ; I the Infinite God have made the infinite atonement. Therefore did I humble myself to assume man's nature. Therefore did I endure the death of the cross. He that believeth this, and trusteth this alone for salvation, he shall receive the blessings of my atonement. Verily, to him shall my righteousness be imparted. By my blood ye are saved. Henceforth is it possible for the angry God to be just and the justifier of all who accept my atonement. So ye, then, and in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three in one, preach the gospel of salvation through faith in my atoning blood to this dying world." The disciples were silent. Their bosoms heaved and their faces were pale. And Peter said, "Master, let us preach as thou spakest to us here before and at the last supper." But their leader frowned, and he said, "Thus shall

ye preach: God is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Man is wholly wicked and unable to please God. In my blood alone is salvation. Thus preach, else is your preaching condemnation to all who shall hear you."

Then the disciples burst into tears, and Peter sobbed, "Master, forgive us, forgive us. Send us back to our fishing boats. The burden is greater than we can bear." The teacher said, "Lo, he that is not with me is against me." Then the disciples went down the mountain in fear and sorrow. And as they went, lo! Jesus himself met them, saying, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt? Have I not warned you — many shall come in my name, saying, 'I am Christ,' and shall deceive many?"

Then were the eyes of the disciples opened, and they knew their error. Jesus spake again, saying, "As my Father hath sent me, so send I you. Teach the word which I preached here and in Jerusalem. Take ye nothing therefrom, add ye nothing thereunto." And the disciples said, "Master, shall such things as ~~he~~ spake ever be taught in thy name?" Jesus said, "Seek ye not to know this. Follow ye me."

FRED MAY HOLLAND.

TRANSLATION FROM FAUST.

SONG OF THE SPIRITS WHO LULL FAUST TO SLEEP.

VANISH, ye darkening
Mists from above!
Burst on the vision,
Heavenly love,
Ethereal blue!
Slowly the darkling
Mists melt away!
Little stars, sparkling,
Brightly display
The mild planets too.
Beauteous ones!
Ye heavenly sons!
Wavering thought
Passes thee by:
Longing desire
Follows on high.
Over the lands
Fluttering bands,

Ribbons of drapery,
Cover the bowers,
Where given for life,
And deeply in thought,
A destiny wrought
For man and for wife,
True lovers stand.
Bower upon bowers !
Tendrils and flowers !
Clusters of grapes
Droop on the vine,
Are squeezed in the vat ;
The glittering wine
Ripples and laughs over
Gems from the mine,
Gushes in rills,
The mountain it flees,
Widens to seas
Among the green hills
Gladdened thereby.
Myriads fly
After the sun,
Sipping delight,
Dance to the bright
Islands afar.
Far on the waves
The islands are dancing.
Through the fragrant air
The meadows ringing
In measures fair,
Choruses singing,
Exulting, entrancing !
Some soar
Over the steepes,
Others swim
Under the deeps :
All after life,
To the far away all,
Loving stars call
Holiest grace !

F. P. STEARNS.

FREE RELIGION.

TREMONT TEMPLE was well filled on the morning, afternoon, and evening of June 2, the occasion being the Fourth Anniversary of the Free Religious Association. In the morning, after some excellent introductory remarks by the President, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, Mr. John Weiss was announced to read an essay on "The Relation of Science to Religion." Instead of attempting a mere abstract of this discourse we prefer to offer portions of it just as it was read. The reader will thus get a better idea of the whole than by any condensation we could present. Mr. Weiss said, —

"I am to speak upon the attitude of science towards religion. But the subject opens into so many quarters of thought, some of which presume a technical knowledge which I do not possess, that I can only hope by selecting my topics to provide some suggestions towards any discussion that may follow. A thorough treatment of this interesting subject, which is beginning to attract the attention of all minds that are more or less competent to deal with it, involves more time and more respect for details, more personal and experimental observation, than any morning platform can furnish. I lately heard of a saying of Prof. Agassiz, that the amateur reader of scientific discoveries never actually possessed the facts that are described: they belong only to the observer who felt them developing and dawning into his knowledge with a rapture of possession that seems to share the process of creation. To that remark I add my conviction that the practised observer does not always thoroughly apprehend and calculate the drift of the facts which he possesses. Still, a mere reader of science, however receptive his intellect may be, or inclined to scientific methods, is not in a position to speak with authority upon various points which emerge from the controversy that now prevails between the two parties of Natural Evolution of Forces and Natural Development of Divine Ideas. For thus I propose to state the matter in hand.

"One party may be said to derive all the physical and mental phenomena of the world from germs of matter that collect forces, combine to build structures and increase their complexity, establish each different order of creatures by their own instinctive impulse, and climb at length through the animal kingdom into the human brain, where they deposit thought, expression, and emotion. At no point of this process of immense duration need there be a divine co-operation, because the process is supposed to have been originally delegated to a great ocean of germs: they went into action furnished for every possible contingency, gifted in advance with the whole from the amoeba, or the merest speck of germinal matter, to a Shakespearian moment of Hamlet, or a Christian moment of the Golden Rule. Consequently ideas are only the impacts of accumulating sensations upon developing brains: an intellectual method is only the coherence of natural phenomena, and the moral sense is nothing but a carefully hoarded human experience of actions that are best to be repeated for the comfort of the whole.

The imagination itself is but the success of the most sensitive brains in bringing the totality of their ideas into a balanced harmony that corresponds to the Nature that furnished them. The poet's eye, glancing from earth to heaven, is only the earth and sky condensing themselves into the analogies of all their facts, in native interplay and combination, wearing the terrestrial hues of midnight, noon, and eve. The epithet *divine*, applied to a possible creator, can bear no other meaning than *unknown*; and the word 'spiritual' is equivalent to 'cerebral.' *Spirit* is the germinal matter arranged at length, after a deal of trouble, into chains of nerve-cells that conspire to deposit all they have picked up on their long journey from chaos to man. So that when their living matter becomes dead matter their deposit drops through into nonentity, and the word 'immortality' remains only to denote facts of terrestrial duration, such as the life of nations and the fame of men with the heaviest and finest brains. If a brain-cell discontinues its functions, existence cannot continue.

"The other party, which inclines to a theory that creation is a development of divine ideas, is very distinctly divided into those who believe that this development took a gradual development and used natural forces that are everywhere upon the spot, and those who prefer to claim a supernatural incoming of fresh ideas at the beginnings of genera and epochs. The former believe that the Divine Mind accompanies the whole development, and secures its gradualism; or that the universe is a single unbroken expression of an ever-present Unity. The latter believe that the expression can be enhanced, broken in upon by special acts that do not flow from previous acts, but are only involved in the ideas which the previous acts contained; so that there is a sequence of idea, but not of actual creative evolution out of one form into another. The former think that they find in the marks of slow gradation from simple to complex forms, both of physical and mental life, the proof that a Creator elaborates all forms out of their predecessors, by using immense duration of time, but never for a moment dispensing any one of them as if it were competent to do it alone; so that the difference of species, men, and historical epochs is only one of accumulation of ideas, and not of their interpolation. The latter think that the missing links of the geological record, the marked peculiarities of races and periods, the transcendent traits of leading men, are proofs that the Creator does not work by natural evolution, but by deliberate insertion of fresh ideas to start fresh creatures. One party recognizes the supernatural in the whole of Nature, because the whole embodies a divine ideal. The other party is not reluctant to affirm the same, but thinks it essential to the existence of Nature to import special efforts of the ideal, which are equivalent to special creations; so that the Naturalist gets on with nothing but unity and gradation: the Supernaturalist cannot take a step without plurality and interference."

After thus stating the attitude of the two parties, Mr. Weiss proceeds to ask, "What are the opinions entertained by Naturalism upon the origin of ideas, the moral sense, the spiritual nature?" After a reference to that side of Naturalism that is waiting for Science to "put enough facts into the case to support a judicial decision," he continues in response to his question,—

"But another camp is forming upon the field of Naturalism. Its followers incline to believe that all human and social experience started from a latent finite mind, distinct from the structure that surrounded it, and that the movement of evolution was twofold, one side of it being structural and the other mental, both strictly parallel, moving simultaneously in conse-

quence of a divine impulse that resides at the same moment in the physical and mental nature, an impulse that accumulated into a latent finite mind as soon as a structure appropriate to express it accumulated; that the history of mankind has been a mutual interplay of improving circumstances and developing intelligence, but that the first step was taken by latent mind, just as the first step into creating anything must have been taken by a divine mind; and that the last steps of perfected intelligence reproduce the original method and purpose of a creator who imparted to man this tendency to reproduce them. In this latent tendency all mental phenomena lay packed, or nebulous, if you please; or it was germinal mentality, if you prefer the term, or inchoate soul-substance. The term is of little consequence, provided we notice the possibility of something to begin human life with beside the structure that was elaborated out of previous creatures. We know that the human brain repeats, during the period of its fetal existence, some of the forms of the vertebrata that preceded it. We also know that when any organ of man's body is diseased, a degeneration takes place that repeats the state of the same organ in the lower animals. The secretion is no longer normal, but recurs to a less perfect kind. So we notice that in degeneration of the brain some idiotic conditions occur that repeat with great exactness the habits and temper of monkeys and other animals. The descending scale of degeneration no less than the ascending effort of development touches at animal stages and incorporates them in the human structure. So that we cannot help seeing that Nature slowly felt her way towards us, built her clay models, reframed her secret thought, committed it to brains of increasing complexity, till man closed the composing period, and began to blab of his origin.

"But how did he begin to do that? Was his social life a physical result of the sympathies of gregarious animals, who defend and feed each other, protect and rear their young, dig burrows, spread lairs, and weave a nest? That, it is replied, was only the structural and physical side of something that had been preparing to step farther. It could not have furnished the germinal conditions of speech, thought, and conscience. Was it because the fox was cunning that man learned to circumvent his enemies; because the elephant was sagacious that he undertook to ponder; because the monkey was curious that he began to pry into cause and effect; because the bee built her compact cell that he grew geometrical? The answer made is, that these structural felicities lay on the road between a creator who geometrized and a creature who learned to see that it was so and called it geometry. At the end of that road is a mind that undertakes to interpret whence the road started, and how it was laid out.

"It does not disturb me to be told that the mind has no innate ideas, that, in fact, the entity called mind is a result of the impressions which the senses gather from Nature, a body of sifted perceptions; that all our emotions started in the vague sympathy that the first men had for each other when they found themselves in company; that a sense of justice is not native to the mind, but only a consequence of the efforts of men to get along comfortably in crowds, with the least amount of jostling; that the feeling of chastity has no spiritual derivation, but was slowly formed in remote ages by observation of the pernicious effects of promiscuous living; that, in short, all the mental states which we call intuitions should be called digestions from experience. For, supposing this theory to be the one that will eventually account for all mental phenomena, why need one care how he grew into a being who throbs with the instantaneous purpose of salutary ideas, with the devotion of his thought and conscience to the service of mankind, with a ravishing sense of harmony and proportion that breaks into

symphony and song! When a man reaches the point of being all alive, thrilling to his finger-tips with all the nerves a world can contribute, shall he distress himself because, after examining his genealogy, he discovers no aristocrat but a plebeian for his ancestor? He ennobles his ancestors and they arrive at princely revenues in him. Must I make myself miserable because I am told that for nine months of my existence I was successively a fish, a frog, a bird, a rabbit, and a monkey, and that my infancy presented strong Mongolian characteristics? This, then, was the path to the human mind that out-swims all fishes in a sea where no fish can live, that leaps with wit and analogy more agile than frogs or kangaroos, that travels by aerial routes to spaces where no bird's wings could winnow. So be it, if it be so. I don't care for the path when I come in sight of the mansion of love and beauty that has been prepared for me. Its windows are all aglow with 'an awful rose of dawn.' What delicacy of sentiment and imagination can be desecrated because barbarian ancestors felt like brutes or fancied like lunatics? Can the mind's majestic conception of a divine plan of orderly and intelligent development be unsphered and brutalized because the first men felt the cravings of causality more faintly than the pangs of hunger? Causality has reached its coronation-day; its garment of a universe is powdered with galaxies and nebulae, suns glitter on its brow, the earth is its footstool, its sceptre is God's right hand. You cannot mortify or attain this king by reminding it of days spent in hovels and squalor, hiding from the treason of circumstances, sheltered and fed precariously by savages. Would you unseat him? Then annihilate a universe."

After Mr. Weiss had concluded, Dr. Bartol opened the discussion, not confining himself to the points of the essay, but proceeding to a defense of Nature, and of Human Nature in particular, all of which, being the work of God, could be successfully vindicated. What if the negro was akin to the ape and the white man was in the same boat? The *ape* himself was not to be despised, nor were any of our poorer relations. God was revealed in *all* his works, and in the ascending scale the higher or highest should not despise the links below. Dr. Bartol further spoke of Radicalism, saying it was useless to quarrel with a word. The word "Radical" was in the air. It stood for a great fact in modern culture, and should be honored. Its language was not "nay," but "yea." It said "yea" to God and to Human Nature, believing in its dignity and capabilities. Its "nay" was reserved only for those partial systems and theories which are a libel on creative wisdom and love.

The next speaker, Rev. Henry Ierson, of England, remarked that he was often astonished at the stupid things that had been believed. For instance, that the world was made in six days, and then cleared out by a deluge; the origin of the human race in a single pair; the confusion of language, as if by magic, on one of the steps of the Tower of Babel, which, had it reached the height of three times the State House, was supposed to have been intended to invade the realm of heaven; and, above all, the idea of a being with eyes, nose, mouth, and hands, looking down upon all our actions. The belief, he said, that pervaded the unthinking minds of Europe in regard to

Free Thinkers" was that they were Atheists, and Huxley, Tindall, and others shared the obloquy of the belief. For himself, he desired to find all

the truth he could, and preach it from his pulpit, without regard to the narrow limits of any church. He advised the Association not to be too anxious to answer questions. If it had a work to do it would do it, even if a portion of that work was not made thoroughly plain even to the teachers. A man must doubt in order to be prepared to believe, and a doubt was an indication of a better belief. He further made a very happy point in saying that the Association might be content with *being*, as *doing* had fallen into questionable repute,—a hint which many so-called *practical* reformers might follow to advantage.

Rev. W. H. Spencer spoke of the help science was to religion, though religionists had always believed the contrary. He said that science was a knowledge of the law, and religion was a faith in the same.

Col. Higginson thought that the only danger from science, at present, was that it would set up a hierarchy of conceited professors in place of the old hierarchy of conceited clergymen. But he was ready for all the facts. If Atheism was ever proved true by science, who would not accept the doctrine? He never dreamed that religion was one of the doubtful things of the universe; but when he came to college a book was put into his hand called "The Evidences of Christianity," while there was no book called "The Evidences of Mathematics."

The discussion of the afternoon was opened by Rev. William J. Potter, who took the place of Rabbi Wise, who was unable to leave Cincinnati and keep his promise,—a circumstance much to be regretted, as the subject of his essay was very attractive. Mr. Potter took for his subject "The Origin of Christianity and its Relation to Other Religions." He spoke in favor of the solidarity of religions. There might be very much difference in the degree of development, but the original basis is the same. The doctrine of correlation and conservation of forces could be applied to religious development. The different forms of Christianity marked only the different degrees of intellectual appreciation of the Christian idea. He passed over a large portion of the argument, showing the identity of Christianity with the antecedent faiths, and read from an old copy of "The Friend's Review" a paragraph of Buddhist origin containing the doctrine of "the inner light" in its entirety. He criticised Butler's argument in favor of a special revelation, and also recent theological statements of the special love of God for "the sinner." He argued that the sentiments which Christianity had developed all existed in the previous religions. It was by the conjunction and interaction of different ideas and principles, by means of commerce and the Roman civilizations, that the conditions for the foundation of Christianity were formed. Within the limits of Judaism three different religions were brought into actual neighborhood, and just at the right moment came Jesus, who was related to these forces that were at work as a new spirit of the age. He did not go to the works of Moses, Zoroaster, and Plato, and absorb their ideas by study, but their spirit was in the air, and unconsciously he

became its exponent. His being was the product of the intellectual and religious forces of the age in which he lived. It only needed the fusing touch of such a genius to bring those elements together and produce a new religious phase. It did not follow that Christianity was a universal religion. It was preposterous to suppose that Christ was the absolute head of the human race, and that his religion was an absolutely perfect system. It might have been so if he had been God. The religion of the future was not to be the absorption of all the heathen religions into Christianity, but a grand advance of all to a higher development. The experiment of converting the heathen to Christianity had proved a failure, and it was now time to say to these native devotees, "Let us see what is true in your religion." In conclusion Mr. Potter said that the era of universal religion was about to open, and the Free Religious Association stood upon the threshold.

Mr. Potter was followed by Mr. Frothingham, Lucretia Mott, Mr. Wasson, Mr. Dean Clarke, and John S. Russell.

Mrs. Mott wanted people to follow Jesus more in his non-conformity. She desired to ask those who took such a fine delight in calling upon his name, why they did not act out more of his highest convictions, and be willing to be set at naught because they did not conform to the rites and ceremonies of the period.

Mr. Wasson referred to the remarks of Mr. Higginson in the morning. He understood Mr. Higginson to say that he was ready to dispense with a God if necessary, and if we were deprived of God we still had ourselves. He doubted that. If God existed he was the life of men. He was not ready to profess an unconcern as to whether the universe was made one in an intelligence and a heart of which our own minds and hearts are the revelation. He also doubted whether there could be a universal religion extracted from all the other religions of the world.

The essay in the evening was by Rev. O. B. Frothingham on "Superstition and Dogmatism." In opening he said it was impossible to speak of the existing power of superstition without speaking of superstition itself. He said it has a long lineage, and is always the same thing. Its power is dynamic, and its malignity in its quality, not in its mass. But its mass is fearful, because it is bounded only by the realm of ignorance, stupidity, and credulity. It is a popular delusion that superstition has disappeared, or, if not, that it has become harmless. This is the superstition of the superstitions. Our superstition should not be called superstition. The Romanist looks at the superstitions of the Pagans; the Protestant to that of the Romanist; the Unitarian to that of the Protestant; the Theist to that of the Unitarian; the Positivist to that of the Theist. By general consent it is admitted that the Positivist has cleared himself of the aspersion; and by general consent it is agreed that the Positivist is an unhappy creature who has got rid of his devils, but at the expense of getting rid of his angels. That superstition is commensurate with supernaturalism may not quite be

inferred. The finest minds may point to the supernatural. Only the coarser are infested with superstition. It is a familiar saying that ignorance is the mother of superstition. It would be hard to say that ignorance was the mother of supernaturalism. No one by searching, perhaps, can find out God, but very little searching suffices to reveal that God is not whimsical or capricious like ourselves. The whole history of the intellectual progress of the world is but one long struggle of the intellect of man to emancipate itself from the deceptions of nature. On the two hundred and sixty-ninth page of the first volume of Buckle's *History of Civilization* you will find the whole case in a nutshell. There is the clear statement fortified by hosts of references, and illustrated by facts in every field, that superstition is simply the child of ignorance. The speaker proceeded to demonstrate in clear and forcible language, with illustrations, that a vast area of mind was purged of superstition by the science which discovered the laws of the eclipse; claimed that as knowledge advances superstition recedes; that religion is the last hiding-place of superstition; that the rite of baptism shows a pure case of superstition; that the communion is another instance of unmitigated superstition; that Protestantism can boast of superstitions every whit as pure as those of Romanism; that dogmatism is superstition of opinion; that the existing churches represent existing superstition; that the Protestant churches exert a baleful influence through the superstitious reverence for dogma; that this great ignorance and illusion of evil is what the Free Religious Association primarily aims to dethrone. Knowledge, not faith, is its motto. It seeks to know. It believes in knowing. It does not attempt the definition of truth, but would fain promote the love of it. The speaker then argued that superstition caused a ruinous waste of means, and that it demoralizes and degrades mankind. He closed as follows:—

"Mr. Lecky, in the sentimental mood that sometimes comes over him, writes: 'No error can be more grave than to imagine that when a critical spirit is abroad the pleasant beliefs will all remain, and the painful ones alone will perish. Superstitions appeal to our hopes as well as to our fears. They often meet and gratify the inmost longings of the heart. They offer certainties when reason can only offer possibilities or probabilities. They sometimes even impart new sanction to moral truth. Often they become essential elements of happiness, and their consoling efficacy is most felt in the languid and troubled hours when it is most needed. We owe more to our illusions than to our knowledge. "Why is it," said Luther's wife, looking sadly back on the sensuous creed she had left, "that in our old faith we prayed so often and so warmly, and that our prayers are now so few and so cold?"'

"But the argument conveyed in this mournful passage proves too much. Let comfort be the master, and who would leave the fireside? Was Luther wrong in leaving the Church of Rome? Not in this pensive mood did Mr. Lecky write his *History of Rationalism in Europe*. That we owe more to our illusions than our knowledge he has taught thousands to question. That proposition we take leave in his own name to deny. We are quite willing that the pleasant superstitions should go with the painful ones; that the prayers should become fewer and colder till they cease; that the dreams should be dispelled by the dawn, and that the good angel along with the

evil should fade away in the brightening daylight of science. Instead of consoling ourselves in languid and troubled hours with illusions, let us make such hours fewer by knowledge. Heat and light are not the same thing, but they have one cause. Light undergoes no change of manifestation that does not in the same manner and degree affect heat. The same agent that, falling on the nerves of seeing, produces vision, falling on the nerves of feeling produces heat. So, if knowledge strike the understanding alone, it merely illuminates; but if it touch the chords of moral enthusiasm a glow is excited that, better than any striking of flints or crackling of fagots, will take away the chill of the human heart."

The essay occupied about an hour, and was followed by addresses by Prof. William Denton, Rev. J. Vila Blake, and Mr. A. M. Powell.

Prof. Denton spoke at length of the work of science in demolishing superstition. The Bible was the great source of superstition in America. He referred to the prevailing worship of Jesus, and spoke of him as the "gloomy fanatic." He said that Christians were all slaves by their own confession. Did they not confess Jesus Christ as their *Lord and Master*? Said Jesus, "Come unto me all who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke and my burden upon you, for they are light." Prof. Denton would wear his own yoke, and no other man's, though it were but as the weight of a fly's wing. He believed in placing people on their own two feet, and bidding them look with their own eyes. He had no fear such as Mr. Frothingham had expressed that Spiritualism would build up a new superstition in place of the old. A spirit was simply a man with his jacket off, and what he said was to be tested by reason, and pass for what it was worth, just the same as when his jacket was on. Reason was to hold the reins always.

Mr. Blake thanked the government of the Association for a platform broad enough to allow him to appear as a Conservative, by which he meant simply, as his speech showed, that he held to the most ancient Radicalism. For instance, the Christian observance of Sunday was a thing of modern date, — an innovation upon a more ancient and better usage. He referred to a remark of Mr. Frothingham, that the time would come when prayer would cease, opposing the idea.

But Mr. Frothingham explained that he meant that sort of praying which was simply *asking* for things. He believed in aspiration, in the upward look and longing.

The closing speech of the evening, by Mr. Powell, was an earnest appeal for "practically applying Free Religion, carrying it into all the great reforms." He thought the day had been largely spent in *interpretation*; he would emphasize the thought of *application*.

And with this the day ended, the President pronouncing a few words of benediction.

NOTES.

IT is evident that our friend, Rev. R. H. Howard, who appears to have become almost a regular contributor to the columns of "The Index," regards himself as in some measure called to a showing up of Radicalism and Free Religion. This "showing up," however, is intended to be fatal to the further spread of these heresies. But Mr. Howard takes to the *practical* side of the question, avoiding many of the difficulties of the old theology. It is one of the gains which a free discussion of these religious topics has produced, that sincere and sensible men of the orthodox school come, by their new interpretations of disagreeable creeds, into harmony with the humanities and reason of the age.

In a second letter we have received from Mr. Howard, he holds to the opinion that Free Religionists do not care enough for their opinions to make any considerable personal sacrifice for them, and, by comparison, he thinks that Christianity shows a most encouraging record.

While we do not pretend to stand as the apologist for Free Religionists or Radicals in any sense, — our business being mainly with ideas and not with institutions or individuals, — we can *guess* at one or two of the reasons which render the class Mr. Howard criticises comparatively indifferent, &c. They do not believe that souls are saved in the *same way* that "Christians" do. They have no reason to say, "Save your soul now, or you may die, and so lose it forever." Hence, they do not get as excited as they would believing that doctrine. It is a very monstrous belief in their eyes that immortal beings are cut off from the opportunity of improvement, because, forsooth, they have laid aside, at so early a period of their development, a perishable garment of flesh. This doctrine discards, in a great measure, the element of *fear*. Without this spur of fear for themselves and their neighbors, we doubt if Mr. Howard's "Christians" would be more eager to pay their money than any other class of people. Mr. Howard will find it difficult to prove that Radicals and Free Religionists are less humane than others, that they are not good neighbors, and the friends of the poor and the oppressed. But in this matter of disseminating their views of religion he thinks them very slack. They might do more, we grant. So might the "Christians." But we suspect that there is an undercurrent of feeling that the progress of rational ideas among men is necessarily slow, and not only that, that nearly all the agencies of the age are in

one way or another tending to that result. The problem implies *growth*, and a *felt hunger* for that which is higher and better. Time is an important item ; an *obstacle*, too, it is, which no amount of missionary zeal or outpouring of money can sweep away. People are not to be *stuffed* and *goaded on* to their salvation. As the mind and heart open, they will inquire and seek, and *the person will pay his own way*. There is undoubtedly a want of preparation in society generally for the acceptance of the higher views of life. "Few there be," said Jesus ; and so it is to this day. And the multitude cannot be helped by being approached with an expression of awful anxiety for their sakes, nor much benefited, we opine, by being treated to a "free lunch" of "tracts." "We make haste slowly," is the motto of this world, in spite of saints and martyrs. And yet, it is not *perishing* for the want of the Highest and Best. It is gradually, through its many gradations, approaching the throne of these divinities. The most any one can do is to illumine the path to their abode by the light there is within him, shedding it abroad, of course, on that particular part of the road where he in his journey has arrived. If he be well advanced, let him not mourn over the multitudes yet stumbling far in the rear. Providence is at every point of the way. His business is to be an illustration of that Providence where he is, not doubting that others are raised up better competent for the tasks behind than himself.

Let us not be understood as saying that Radicalism is, and ought to be, lacking in sympathy with the race. No such idea is for a moment cherished as a balm to selfishness. But seeing things as they are, perceiving *how* the world is made up, and how it is being led upward by a succession of progressive ideals, it proposes to know its own place, and not to interfere to foist itself upon unwilling heads and hearts. "Who-soever *will*, let him come to the waters and drink. If he have not money, let him sell his coat that he may pay his way." "*Being*, and not *running to and fro*, manipulating the world by its frenzy, is its appointed task. The missionary spirit may be quite as strong in this class as in another ; but the manifestation assumes a more rational form.

There are a few points of Mr. Howard's letter we will publish in our next number, with a word or two in reply.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has been giving "A Hint to the Protestant Ministry." Some Roman Catholic clergymen have "permitted him to speak frankly with them," and he has come away greatly impressed with "the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and Dissent." "The Catholic priest is trained to know his business,

and to do it effectually ;" but "the army of liberal thought is at present in a very low order ; and many a spirited free-thinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense." All very true ; but which is better : the priest so well "trained" that he will go on venting "nonsense" to the day of doom ; or the free-thinker who, if he have but his fair share of mother wit, will gradually move on into the region of *sense* ?

MR. BEECHER'S paper, "The Christian Union," notices some of the sayings at the Free Religious Anniversary, and makes the mistake of saying that they emanated from the "Radical Club," which Club is represented as "consisting of ladies and gentlemen who come together, apparently for the purpose of hearing and telling some new thing." "Hence, perhaps, the sobriquet we have all heard of, the 'Athens of America.'" The paper further remarks :—

"Many of these things *are* new,—at least to us,—and bright withal. Some others have the semblance of novelty ; old truths masquerading, with jackets turned inside out, or old falsehoods, that are like the scholar expelled from the district school, who went and washed his face, and then came back and passed himself off as a new boy. Still others are merely stupid, whether new or old."

We notice that *several* critics have made a similar discovery as to the calibre of the Club. But is there anything so very odd about it all ? Why should a *radical* club more than other bodies escape a common infirmity ? How fares it with Plymouth Church, for instance ? Possibly a little different. For we have heard that *new* truths go masquerading there oftentimes, and that the members will tolerate nothing that is "merely stupid." Very bright in them !

SOME of the reports of the Woman Suffrage Convention in Boston, anniversary week, make a distinguished lady say of the members of the Massachusetts Legislature who voted against giving woman the ballot, "Mark them as infamous." This won't do. If it be a fair sample of the way the political women are going to treat their opponents, what becomes of the "peace and good will" they are sworn to inaugurate ? The venerable Mrs. Mott remarked recently, that women would not establish peace on earth any more than men, unless they were first instructed in the *principles of peace*. We begin to fear that they are in need of such instruction quite as much as the rest of us. But we *hope* not.

THOSE who read Darwin's "Descent of Man" should also read Mivart's "Genesis of Species." There are always two sides to a story, and it is perhaps well for Darwin's readers not to reach conclusions which Darwin himself does not warrant ; he suggests and inquires rather than determines, and partizanship or prejudice should have no place in science.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

Should not such things as "partizanship and prejudice" find no place in *religion* as well ?

THE somewhat obtrusive piety of the new German Emperor-King is not so peculiarly an idea of his own as may be generally imagined. It may be remembered that on the eve of the Crimean War, the late Emperor Nicholas concluded his manifesto with the well-known Latin words from the Psalms: "In te Domine speravi non confundar in æternum," — "O Lord, in thee have I trusted: may I never be confounded." The self-complacent assumption of piety had, however, strangely different results. The ill luck of Nicholas broke his heart, and hurried him to the grave, while William marches back to Berlin a triumphant conqueror. So that, after all, it may be doubted whether the piety of either of these sanctimonious kaisers had much influence on their respective campaigns. — *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Lincoln had a keen sense of the way things work, and felt that in the sort of piety above mentioned he was no match for such praying men as Stonewall Jackson, for instance.

THERE is an increasing desire that the present limitations as regards space for the sessions of the Radical Club of this city should in some manner be remedied. If the Club were a mere private gathering no one outside would have a right to suggest a better mode. But the great publicity of its doings, and the fact that the number who may attend is regulated only by the capacity of the rooms where it is now held, cause many to feel that there should be more commodious accommodations. Considering the growing demand in this city for such association, the experiment would seem worth the trial. While a feeling somewhat like this is extant, there are none who do not join in the heartiest recognition of the hospitality and patient sacrifice which have opened year after year, for the use of the Club, the private apartments of friends whose names are too familiar to need mention.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have just issued the second edition of John Weiss's new book, "American Religion." "The Morning Star," in a critical, though not wholly unfriendly notice, says of Mr. Weiss, "It must be confessed that he has a keen and critical mind, real force of thought, and he writes in a style that is unique and effective. Now he is as pithy and aphoristic as Emerson, now as ruggedly robust as Carlyle, now as incisive and pungent as Parker, now as rythmical as Julia Ward Howe at her best, now as magnetic as Starr King, and now as polished as George W. Curtis. But he is John Weiss through it all."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

American Religion, by John Weiss. — Little Men, by Louisa M. Alcott. — Thoughts About Art, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mechanism in Thought and Morals, by O. W. Holmes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, with Extracts from the Journal of J. C. Young. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.



LI

Tr

C

Life

COMPAN

cheapne

NO UT

NO BC

NO IN

NO AS

NO DI

NO DE

NO OV

NO DO

NO QU

Gene

PANY i

injuries

TWO R

by

TWELV

ac

m

ONE I

pr

PREMI

T

JAS

ELIZU

C

LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE,

In all its forms, by the

Travelers Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CASH ASSETS, - - - \$1,600,000.

Life Insurance.

Life and Endowment Policies granted by the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, upon the Low Rate Cash Plan, combining *ample security* and *cheapness of cost*, under a *definite contract*

NO UNCERTAINTY about the amount of premium.

NO BOTHER about notes.

NO INTEREST TO PAY for the use of your money.

NO ASSESSMENTS, present or prospective.

NO DISAPPOINTMENTS in regard to impossible dividends.

NO DEDUCTIONS of loans, notes, or other written obligations, when the Policy becomes a claim.

NO OVER-PAYMENTS of premium.

NO DOUBT but what you have all the Insurance you pay for.

NO QUESTION but what you have reliable Insurance at the lowest cost.

Accident Insurance.

General Accident Policies granted by the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY in any sum from \$500 to \$10,000, with indemnity for wholly disabling injuries by accident from \$3 to \$50 per week. Policies written by agents.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POLICIES WRITTEN in six years of successful business.

TWELVE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED CLAIMS PAID for death or injury by accident, amounting to \$1,500,000, a larger sum to Policy Holders than has been made by any Insurance Company of its age in the world.

ONE IN EVERY FOURTEEN of all its Policy Holders has been paid by the Company for injury by accident.

PREMIUMS LOW, and graduated according to the risk.

BEST AND CHEAPEST INSURANCE EXTANT.

The wealthy should not neglect it. The poor cannot afford to be without it.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, *President.*

RODNEY DENNIS, *Secretary.*

GEORGE B. LESTER, *Actuary.*

ELIZUR WRIGHT, *Consulting Actuary.*

CHAS. E. WILSON, *Asst. Secretary.*

BOSTON OFFICE, No 89 WASHINGTON STREET.

CHAS. G. PLUMMER, C. C. WHITNEY, GENERAL AGENTS.

MR. WEISS'S NEW BOOK.

AMERICAN RELIGION. By JOHN WEISS. Second Edition. One volume. 16mo.
Bound in cloth, neat. Price, \$1.50.

CONTENTS. — 1. Right Mental Method. 2. America's Debt. 3. The American Opportunity. 4. The Divine Immanence. 5. Law of the Divine Immanence. 6. A Divine Person. 7. An American Atonement. 8. False and True Praying. 9. Strife and Symmetry. 10. A Conscience for Truth. 11. Constancy to an Ideal. 12. The American Soldier.

VALUABLE NEW BOOKS.

ROMAN IMPERIALISM, and Other Lectures and Essays. By J. R. SEELEY, M.A.,
Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, Eng., Author of "Ecce
Homo." One volume. 16mo. Price, \$1.50.

CONTENTS. — Roman Imperialism. 1. The Great Roman Revolution. 2. The Proximate Cause of the Fall of the Roman Empire. Milton's Political Opinions. Milton's Poetry. Elementary Principles in Art. Liberal Education in Universities. English in Schools. The Church as a Teacher of Morality. The Teaching of Politics. An Inaugural Lecture, delivered at Cambridge.

"While conceding that great radical differences of opinion will follow perusal, can we doubt for an instant that all who are interested in the controlling causes and drift and probable results of some of the greatest movements of the age, will hesitate to confess an indebtedness after reading these pages?" — *Philadelphia North American*.

AD CLERUM: Advices to a Young Preacher. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., Author of
"Ecce Deus." One Volume. Price, \$1.50.

CONTENTS. — Discipline. Earnestness. Naturalness. Delivery. Sensational Preaching. The Homilist: Man and Book. Textual Divisions. Harris and Beecher. The Minister in the Pulpit. Published Sermons. Suburbanism. Dr. John Campbell. A Chapter on Pastoral Theology. Unsuccessful Men. Beware of Men. Directories. The Guarantees of a Successful Ministry. Figures. Parables and Anecdotes. Frameworks. Epilogue.

"A novelty in theological literature, being a remarkably entertaining volume, over which laymen as well as clergymen may find at once food for reflection and provocation adequate for many a hearty laugh. Those readers who are familiar with "Ecce Deus" will not be surprised to find in a volume issuing from the same pen some remarkably sound, and a great deal of remarkably suggestive thought. But they may, perhaps, be surprised to find a book of such fresh, genuine humor, combined with so much good, solid sense. . . . If we were a minister, there are several chapters we should want published separately as tracts for distribution among our people. Being a layman, we have sent our copy to our minister." — *Harper's Magazine*.

Sold by all booksellers. Mailed, postpaid, by the publishers,

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

IN PREPARATION.

RADICAL FAITH. By REV. C. A. BARTOL.

16mo.

Oppor-
e Per-
metry,
r.

M.A.,
Ecce

Proxi-
ilton's
lish in
naugu-

can we
prob-
ess an

thor of

reach-
The
ell. A
The
works.

which
equate
not be
, and a
to find
. . . If
tely as
to our

ON.